

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO SYRIA: ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS INTO DAMASCUS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"I can remember reading the 'Arabian Nights' when I was six years old," says Mr. Andrew Lang in his preface to the new edition of these fairy tales which Messrs. Longmans have published. Mr. Lang was wiser than John Stuart Mill, who toyed at six with a Greek lexicon, and probably began those speculative doubts which made John Blackwood so irate. The excellent John, though a publisher, objected to the publicity of heresy, religious or political. At the age of seven or thereabouts I knew the Arabian enchantments in what Stevenson calls "the pleasant land of counterpane," where, by a dexterous upheaval of bed-clothes, an Alpine range became a watershed, or a milk-and-cocoa shed, for refreshments brought in the early morning to a small invalid; and where avalanches of bread-crumbs would suddenly bury unsuspecting detachments of tin soldiers. In one or another of the deep, cool valleys of this delightful country I read the "Arabian Nights" without any thought of their moral application to the wisdom of experience. But this morning, absorbed in Mr. Lang's edition, I awoke to the aptness of their Oriental philosophy in our own troublous times. How did Scheherazade tame the wife-killing Sultan? How did the merchant, and the sympathetic travellers who stood by him in misfortune, appease the wrath of the demon who threatened him with death? In those days anybody's head was likely to come off for the veriest trifle. You ate dates or oysters, threw the shells carelessly about, knocked out the eye of an invisible bystander, and there stood retribution with a waving scimitar. In this pickle you promptly thought of a diverting or improving story, narrated it with great presence of mind, and the offended monster forgot his spleen, and hailed you as a mighty pleasant fellow.

Observe the different and extremely crude teaching of "Jack the Giant-Killer." Jack makes the acquaintance of an ogre who wants to eat him, and he prevents this by the stratagem of stowing away a great deal of hasty pudding in a sham stomach, which he rips open, daring the ogre to follow his example. That immense fool commits the happy despatch, and we are asked to applaud this practical joke. I distinctly remember that at the age already mentioned I rejected this orthodox tradition with heat, to the palpable annoyance of the John Blackwoods of my family. At ten I caused further scandal by pointing out that one of the Calendar princes might have saved his eye if the forty princesses had taken away with them the key of the stable which lodged the fatal black horse. Women were so careless! But consider now the power of the judicious anecdote when applied to savage bosoms. Jack might have made the ogre a friend for life by telling him a good story, suited to his rather limited intelligence. By the same device diplomatists might get out of tight places; glove-fights might be arrested at dangerous moments by a sudden burst of reminiscence or inventive pleasantry from the referee; and even warlike nations might suspend their armaments to exchange characteristic legends. Had the Czar adorned his Rescript with an entirely new Russian anecdote, he would have made a deeper impression on Europe. If France could reveal in English novels, she would not be lamenting now—

I never loved a Bahr-Ghazel,  
To glad me with its nice White Nile,  
But when I came to know it well  
It proved a British crocodile!

Now you will understand why the publishers give us such an enormous mass of new fiction. You may not be able to read it, but you cannot deny its beneficence. To countless households which would otherwise seethe with incendiary passions, it tells soothing little tales—no, not little—for they extend now to four or five hundred closely printed pages. It would have taken Scheherazade several months to relate one of them in the early morning hours which she devoted to the improvement of her husband's mind. Whenever I receive a novel from a publisher, accompanied by a note marked "private and confidential," and devoted to the surpassing merits of this work, I suspect that he has noticed in me signs of failing temper, a disposition to rail at the income-tax or the British Constitution. If a man had time to read all the new novels, he would be soft of heart and mild of countenance. If none of us could read them, we should turn and rend one another, and snap our fingers at the law and the police. Ask yourself—you especially who sit in the seat of the scornful and write criticisms—what would be the state of society if the healing balm of the story-teller were suddenly annihilated? You and I would be ogres, and our womenkind would seek distraction in the practice of black magic.

Ladies in the "Arabian Nights" were much addicted to this art. One of them, you remember, would have given short shrift to the three Calendar princes had they not hastened to describe how they came to be minus an eye apiece. Young women in those days used to take lessons in magic (just as they take music-lessons now or join an elocution class), usually without the knowledge of their parents. "Sire," says a princess to her papa, "I could in the twinkling of an eye transplant your capital into the

middle of the ocean." "My daughter," says he, "I really had no idea you were so clever." Had he been wise in time, he would certainly not have allowed her to acquire such a dangerous accomplishment. Imagine the feelings of a parent who refuses his consent to his daughter's marriage with a most ineligible youth, and receives this surprising intimation: "You had better give in, you obstinate old man, or in two minutes you will find this mansion in Grosvenor Square in the middle of the Sahara!" A simple-minded prince married one of these charming graduates in necromancy, and in their first quarrel she threw a glass of water at him, and transformed him into a dog. He had his revenge later by turning her into a horse with the aid of a lady who had been her fellow-pupil in a magic class. These recriminations must have added a new uneasiness to matrimony. How could any husband express himself with spirit about the quality of the dinner if he knew that a glass of water and a few cabalistic words would make him a four-footed wanderer, with no chance of exciting pity except by the super-canine cleverness of his tricks?

This is no frivolous speculation. Some American ladies are said to have revealed a passion for wearing live snakes round their necks. Years ago I saw at a jeweller's in New York a beautiful insect called the Mexican bug, which was attached to a fine gold chain. I was told that it was a favourite ornament for the shirt-front. No superstition haunted me at that time, and I thought no more of it. But now I ask—*Who was it?* And will the ladies who wear snakes explain what these were originally? At any rate, as a precaution to satisfy the public conscience, I recommend some inquiring person to throw a glass of water over one of these reptiles and pronounce the word Pongheeksie backwards. This may have no effect except to drench the snake-charmer, make her an enemy for life, and enemies of her muscular kinsmen; but something must be risked in the cause of humanity. Few people have any notion of the uncanny practices which are going on in the best society. In a railway-carriage the other day I heard a feminine criticism of an absent lady. "She does her hair very cleverly behind, but it is too frizzy in front." A subtle and harmless discrimination! But now I expect to hear a different judgment on the absent friend's defects: "She turned my cousin Ned into a dromedary. We thought it very clever at first; but when he comes to call we have nowhere to put him, and she has stupidly forgotten the incantation which would change him to a bull-terrier!"

Magicians are with us at every turn. You read their advertisements on the patient, prosaic backs of sandwich-men in Piccadilly. When you see a pretty woman reclining in a victoria with a far-away look, you may take it that she has been consulting the stars. Her daily routine is to spend the morning with the manicure and take tea with her astrologer. She pays the latter expert half-a-guinea for her horoscope, and gets her money's worth in acute emotion. She calls upon her bosom friend looking pale and haggard. "Do I look very ill, my dear? Can you wonder? My astrologer has sent my horoscope for next year—horoscope you call it? Ah! you may laugh, but dreadful things are to happen to me in February—the worst possible time, with Parliament meeting and serious dinners everywhere. Why believe in the dreadful things? My dear, everything that astrologer has told me yet has come true! And he is so kind. I asked him for an amulet against February. What? How can the amulet prevent the fulfilment of a prophecy? Good gracious! why, that is what amulets are for! You are a dear old thing, but just a little stupid sometimes! Well, I asked him for an amulet, and he sent me this without any extra charge. Yes, it's an image of Venus. No, I don't know what Venus has to do with February and the meeting of Parliament. I wouldn't have your sceptical mind for worlds! When I believe in a thing it always does me good. That's my philosophy!" What will this lady's husband say when she announces with vehemence that she possesses a talisman which will turn him into an ape if he persists in worrying her about the dressmaker's bills?

We all have our moments of superstitious fancy. In his admirable narrative of the Chitrál siege, Sir George Robertson describes how he abandoned a harmless game of cards because it seemed to bring ill-luck in the shape of a heavy fire from the enemy. "I used at odd times to play a 'Patience' game; but whenever the cards came out properly there was invariably a noisy demonstration by the enemy, with its usual concomitant of excitement and disturbance. It almost seemed that one must deliberately play to lose or else bring on a hostile attack!" Cards were given up; so was the guitar, played by the natives in the fort. "Gradually I became convinced that their music, though, of course, inaudible to the enemy, was inevitably followed by an outbreak of firing and by an alarm. It was useless to scorn oneself as a fool and to persevere. The rule held good many times, and it had not one exception. Finally, fancy conquered common-sense, and the musicians were asked to come no more." Sir George Robertson's amulet was his own stout heart, which brought him through the siege in triumph. But this could not conquer the luck of the cards. Suppose he had worn an image of Mars on his watch-chain?

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Empress Frederick and the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius of Russia, her guests at Windsor Castle, was visited on Friday by the Duchess of Albany, with her daughter, and on Saturday by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg were also with the Queen.

The Princess of Wales and her daughter Princess Victoria were staying last week at Windsor Castle with the Queen from Wednesday to Friday, when they returned to Sandringham, stopping a few hours in London with the Duke and Duchess of Pife. The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York returned to Sandringham on the same day.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Monday.

Speeches were made by Mr. Chamberlain, on three days successively, to Liberal Unionists and Conservatives at Manchester; by the Marquis of Lansdowne at Plymouth on Nov. 17, and by Sir Edward Grey, at Berwick, in favour of the foreign policy of our Government, and on other political topics.

General Sir Francis Grenfell has been appointed Governor of Malta.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum last week visited at Wellington Barracks the battalion of Grenadier Guards which served under him at Omdurman; he also dined with the officers of the Royal Artillery, and he visited Aldershot on Friday. This week he was the Queen's guest at Windsor, and was visited by her Majesty with the G.C.B.

On Saturday, at Brighton, Lord Wolseley, attending a shooting prize distribution for the Sussex Volunteers, spoke warmly in commendation of the late Sudan Campaign. His Lordship was presented with the municipal franchise of Brighton.

A serious railway accident took place on Friday night on the London and North-Western line near Crewe, by a train of empty waggons running into a detached engine. One engine-driver was instantly killed, the other driver and a fireman were dangerously injured.

At the Northampton Assizes on Friday, Frederick Tomlinson, a workman of a shoe factory, was found guilty of several malignant attempts to wreck railway trains. Mr. Justice Mathew sentenced him to penal servitude for life. Similar atrocious practices, by putting large stones or timber on the rails, have been detected in Lancashire and near Windsor, towards the end of last week.

The project of establishing a Birmingham University was advocated on Nov. 18 by Mr. Chamberlain at a town's meeting, which resolved to ask for the grant of a Charter. He recommended a special faculty of commercial education, teaching modern languages, statistics, geography, political economy, and law concerning trade. The University would require an endowment of £200,000 or £250,000, besides that of the Mason College.

A Newcastle steamer, the *Briardene*, leaving Cork Harbour for America on Friday, had a ballast with a legal warrant under judgment for a Hull debt of £600 put on board by order of the High Court of Admiralty; but the captain, disregarding this legal authority, took his vessel out to sea. He was pursued by a steam-pinnace of the Naval squadron at Queenstown, but after an exciting chase, watched from shore, got away to cross the Atlantic.

The French Court of Cassation has communicated, through the Colonial Office and the Governor of French Guiana, by telegraph, to the prisoner Captain Droyfus, its decision that there shall be a fresh inquiry into his case. He is now permitted to walk at certain hours under guard, in a space of a few acres on the Ile du Diable. It is uncertain whether he will be brought to France or a judicial commissioner sent out there.

The negotiations at Paris between the Spanish and the American Commissioners to settle the terms of the Treaty of Peace reached their most critical stage on Monday, and the signature of the Peace Treaty was regarded as certain this week.

On Sunday evening, in the Placo de la Bourse in Paris, an explosion took place at the Restaurant Champeaux, shattering the basement and ground-floor rooms, killing an old woman and a knife-cleaner, and wounding six other persons. The offices of the Havas Agency for Government telegraphic news are situated just above.

Prince George of Greece, the newly appointed High Commissioner or Governor of Crete, arrived at Athens on Friday from Denmark, and was received with enthusiasm. It is expected that Turkey will merely protest in an official manner against his appointment.

King Humbert opened the Session of the Italian Parliament at Rome on Nov. 16 with a speech lamenting the disturbances in several cities, which were repressed by his army; but he promised measures of domestic improvement, to lessen the unequal burden of taxation.

The German Emperor and Empress, returning from Syria in their steam-yacht the *Hohenzollern*, after enjoying the visit to Damascus, arrived at Malta on Nov. 15, having touched only at Rhodes on the voyage from the Levant. It was then resolved, instead of proceeding through the Straits of Gibraltar and stopping at one or two Spanish ports, to go up the Adriatic and land at the Austrian naval port of Pola. Having inspected several British ships of war—the *Cesar*, *Dido*, and *Renélieux*—and privately visited the city of Valletta, their Majesties left Malta on Nov. 17, passed Syracuse, and called at Messina, where they stayed from Friday afternoon to Monday morning. They were met at Messina by Princess Irene of Prussia, on her way to join her husband, Prince Henry of Prussia, Admiral of the German squadron in the Chinese seas. The Italian local and Government officials at Messina, and the Sicilian population, received the Emperor and Empress with due honours. After two hours' stay at Munich on Thursday, they proceed by way of Stuttgart and Baden-Baden into the kingdom of Prussia, and would probably get home at Potsdam on Friday evening.



THE FULL PROSPECTUS WILL BE ADVERTISED ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

\$6,000,000 of the Common Stock, \$2,000,000 of the Gold or Sterling Preferred Shares, and \$2,000,000 of the First Mortgage Gold Sterling Bonds are reserved for issue to the Directors and Shareholders of the Vendor Companies, and the Members of the Vendor Firms and their friends, and to J. & P. Coats, Limited, and the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited.

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DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS—

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(Preferential as to Capital as well as Dividend), and the Dividends on which will be paid in Gold in New York, or in Sterling in London, at the fixed rate of 20s. 8d. per \$5.

**1,200,000 Shares of Common Stock**, of which it is expected that not more than \$3 per Share will be called at present.

**2,400,000 Shares = = = = Total, \$12,000,000**

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In Bonds of \$1000, \$500, and \$50,

Bearing 4 per cent. interest, and repayable on 1st Jan. 1919, both principal and interest being payable in Gold in New York, or in Sterling in London, at the fixed rate of 20s. 8d. per \$5.

The Bonds are payable to Bearer with Coupons attached, but for the convenience of Investors may be registered as to principal.

The Principal and Interest of the said Bonds will be secured by a Deed of Trust by way of Mortgage in favour of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York of all the shares which have been or may hereafter be acquired in the undertakings hereinafter mentioned, together with all or any other property of the Company.

The Interest will accrue on the amounts of the Bonds as paid up, and will be payable in New York, in Gold, or in London, in Sterling, on the first days of July and January in each year, the first proportionate payment to be made on the first day of July 1899.

\$4,000,000 of the Gold or Sterling Preferred Shares, and \$4,000,000 of the First Mortgage Four per Cent. Gold or Sterling Bonds (being the balance of the above-mentioned Capital), are now offered for Subscription at par, and calculated at the fixed rate of 20s. 8d. for each \$5 Share and £103 6s. 8d. for each \$500 Bond, payable as hereunder—

Preferred Shares.			Bonds—\$500.		
On Application	-	\$1 or 4s.	On Application	-	\$125 or £25.
On Allotment	-	\$2 or 8s.	On Allotment	-	\$250 or £50.
On 16th Jan. 1899	-	\$2 or 8s. 8d.	On 16th Jan. 1899	-	\$125 or £28 6s. 8d.
Total	-	\$5 or 20s. 8d.	Total	-	\$500 or £103 6s. 8d.

*Instalments may be paid up in full on allotment less discount of three per cent. per annum.*

The interest on the Bonds and the dividends on the Preferred Shares when paid in Great Britain will be calculated on the full amount actually paid in sterling.

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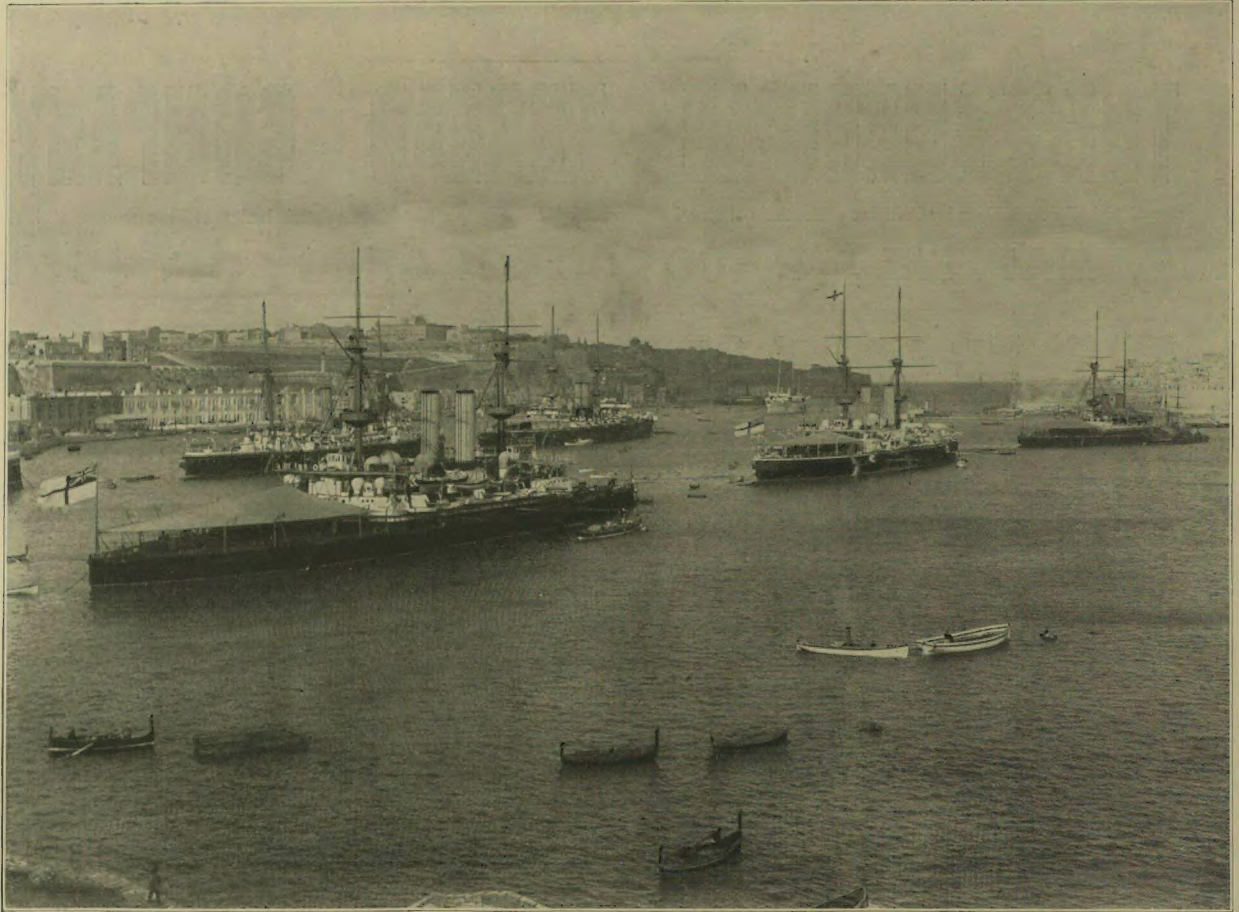
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VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO MALTA: THE "HOHENZOLLERN" ENTERING THE HARBOUR, NOVEMBER 15.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR VISITING THE RUINS AND REBUILDING OF THE GRAND MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.





THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO SYRIA: THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS PASSING THROUGH THE NEW GRAND BAZAAR AT DAMASCUS.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "FORMIDABLE."

The ceremony of "christening," or naming, and the act of launching this new powerful first-class battle-ship took place at Portsmouth Dockyard on Thursday, Nov. 17, amid a scene of the greatest interest and enthusiasm. The lady who performed the inaugural rites is the wife of a Cabinet Minister, Lady Lucy Hicks Beach. Her husband, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, were there to represent her Majesty's Government; while the naval and military official authorities of Portsmouth—Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Commander-in-Chief of that station; Admiral Rice, Superintendent of the Dockyard; and General Sir Baker Russell, commanding the Military District, with their wives; also Rear-Admiral Wilson, Controller of the Navy; Mr. J. Williamson, Director of Dockyards, and Mr. J. A. Yates, the Chief Constructor, whose merits are further proved by the building of this noble ship, were all present. The Mayor and Mayoress of Portsmouth, and one of the members of Parliament for that town, with a large company of spectators, witnessed this important scene. The band of the Royal Marine Artillery enlivened their waiting for half an hour with music. A brief religious service, performed by the Rev. W. Law, Dockyard Chaplain, reading prayers, and by a surpliced choir who chanted a psalm and sang a hymn, preceded the symbolical action, rather questionably, but invariably by custom on these occasions, called that of "christening," in which Lady Lucy Hicks Beach swung a bottle of port wine, decked with flowers and suspended by ribbons, against the stem of the ship, exclaiming "Success to the *Formidable*!" a sentiment echoed by every British heart of man or woman there. Again, when the bugle sounded and the dockyard workmen stood away from the building-slip, her Ladyship received a gold-plated oaken mallet and a chisel, with which she cut a rope issuing from a tube in front of the stem of the ship. The effect was to release two weights, each of half a ton, attached to the sides of the ship, causing them to fall and knock away the "dogshores," the props that held the vessel upon the slip. Hydraulic machinery was also set in motion to give the *Formidable* a start, and she presently glided down into the water, safely and grandly, while the band played "Rule, Britannia," the Royal Standard, the Union Jack,

and the Admiralty flag were hoisted on board, and then all gave three hearty cheers, followed by "God save the Queen!" As soon as the vessel reached deep water the anchors were let go and she was towed into the basin. Our portrait of Lady Lucy Hicks Beach is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

## THREE RECIPIENTS OF SOUDAN HONOURS.

Miss Elizabeth Geddes is one of the three nurses who have received the Royal Red Cross for their services at Omdurman. She belongs to the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, which is a purely voluntary association. The regular staff is known as the

Army Nursing Service, which has hospitals at various places—including Rochester Row, Westminster, where several of the sick Guards are now lying.

Captain Paul Aloysius Kenna, of the 21st Lancers, who has been decorated with the Victoria Cross for his conduct at the Battle of Omdurman on Sept. 2, displayed conspicuous gallantry in saving the life of Major Wyndham and of Lieutenant de Montmorency. Major Wyndham's horse had been killed in the charge, so Captain Kenna set the Major behind him on his own horse, and bore him to a place of safety. He then returned to assist Lieutenant de Montmorency in his gallant attempt to recover the body of Second Lieutenant Grenfell.

Lieutenant the Hon. Raymond Harvey Lodge Joseph de Montmorency, 21st Lancers, has also deservedly received the Victoria Cross. On the occasion already referred to, after the charge of the Lancers, Mr. de Montmorency returned to the spot where poor Grenfell's body lay, and drove the Dervishes off. He lifted Grenfell's body upon his horse, but the animal broke away, leaving de Montmorency in a perilous position, from which he was rescued by Captain Kenna and Corporal Swarbrick.

## FISHING ON THE ICE IN NORTH GERMANY.

Our illustration depicts a curious phase of the North German fisherman's life, and shows how the frost, which at first threatens and entirely suspends his industry, finally provides him with a natural bridge which permits him to resume his labours. Winter in the great northern plain, which lies exposed to the wintry blasts of the Baltic, the North Sea, and Arctic Ocean, is long and severe. The lakes and rivers are covered with thick ice, so thick as to bear loaded wagons. The snow remains on the ground for three or four months.

At the commencement of the frost, fishing has to be given up, and cannot be resumed until the ice is four or five inches thick. As soon as it bears with safety, holes are cut about thirty paces apart, and in the form of a circle. The net is dropped through the first of these, and by the aid of long poles is then pushed and drawn from hole to hole until the circle is completed, when the net is brought to the surface and emptied, the final hole being enlarged to a large rectangular shape for this purpose. As much of the spoil as possible is sold on the spot, and the remainder is removed in tubs placed on runners. The fish are then easily and quickly got to market, which is as busy in frost as during the summer.



MISS ELIZABETH GEDDES  
(Royal Red Cross).



CAPTAIN KENNA, V.C.



LIEUTENANT DE MONTMORENCY, V.C.

## THREE RECIPIENTS OF SOUDAN HONOURS.

Photographs by Tekegian, Cairo.

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Cheap Tickets and Transits to all parts of the Continent. Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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Apply for Time-Tables, &c., to the Zealand Steam-Ship Company's LONDON OFFICE, 44a, FINE STREET, E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at three days' notice.

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## PERSONAL.

The funeral of the Earl of Lathom this week took place on the anniversary of the death of the Countess of Lathom. When presiding over a recent Masonic gathering in Liverpool, the Earl complained of symptoms of rheumatic gout; but hopes of his recovery were entertained, but last week a turn for the worse came, and by Friday his condition was reported "hopeless" in answer to the inquiries of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and innumerable friends. Lord Lathom was born in 1837, and succeeded his grandfather as Baron Skelmersdale in 1853. He was a Lord in Waiting in the 'sixties; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in the 'seventies; and was created Earl of Lathom in 1880. From 1887 to 1892 he held the office of Lord Chamberlain, to which he was reappointed in 1895. His wife was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, and his eldest son, Lord Skelmersdale, married a daughter of the Earl of Radnor, and has a son and heir of the age of four. The late Lord Chamberlain, besides being in high favour with the Queen, whose preferences in the choice of a Lord Chamberlain are always respected by the Prime Minister, had the confidence of the Prince of Wales, who made him his Deputy Grand Master of the English Freemasons in 1875, and in 1891, on the death of the Earl of Carnarvon, his Most Worshipful Pro-Grand Master.

Among the Army chaplains who have received honours for the Sudan Campaign is the Rev. A. W. B. Watson, C.F., Fourth Class, who is mentioned for promotion to the rank of Chaplain to the Forces, Second Class, on

to report on the administration of the most unfortunate islands in the Empire. He rendered great service to Sir Charles Warren in Bechuanaland. He drew up the new Constitution for Malta, in conjunction with Sir George Bowen. He studied the Alaska fisheries on this spot, and was a member of the Behring Sea Commission at Washington. Amidst these occupations, he found time to contest the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool, which he represented since 1885; and he took a prominent part in domestic politics on the Conservative side. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1888.

On Nov. 9 Sir John Senhouse Goldie-Taubman, Speaker of the Manx House of Keys, passed away at his residence, The Nunnery, Isle of Man. Pleurisy was the cause of death, which took place after a three weeks' illness. Sir John, who could trace his descent from Edward I., was the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Goldie-Taubman, who married Ellen, youngest daughter of Mr. Humphrey Senhouse, of Netherall, Cumberland. The late Speaker of the House of Keys was born in London and was educated at Eton. For thirty-one years he had held his distinguished office, which had become almost hereditary, his father and grandfather having held the chair also. He had been connected with the House of Keys for forty years altogether. Sir John was just sixty years of age.

This generation has lost one of its greatest engineers in Sir John Fowler. To him we owe the Underground Railway, the history of which is a story of almost

Prince George of Greece is to have financial aid from the Four Powers who have appointed him High Commissioner of Crete. England, France, Russia, and Italy will each subscribe a million francs towards the funds of the new Cretan Government. This is very kind of them, and in the case of Italy quite self-sacrificing. The Sultan and the Pashas must wish they had a chance of fingering the money, but nothing Turkish is to remain in Crete except one flag, with not even a Turkish sentry to guard it.

President McKinley appears to take a broad view of the commercial position in the Philippines. The American Peace Commissioners have intimated that if Spain will surrender the islands quietly she shall receive four millions sterling, and that the United States will then throw open the Philippines to the commerce of the world. It is to be hoped that Congress will ratify this sensible policy. President McKinley is personally associated with Protection in its most uncompromising form, but he must see that, applied to the Philippines, it would do much to cool friendly sentiment in Great Britain.

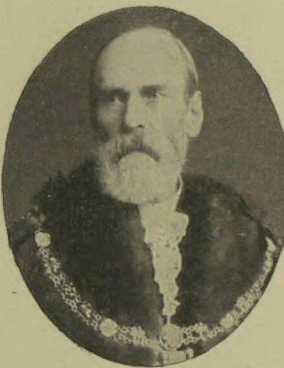
There is a new story about the famous secret document in the Dreyfus case. It is said to have been a letter from Baron Fredericksz, then Russian military attaché at Berlin, stating that Dreyfus had sold information to the German Government, which the German Government, by the way, has formally denied. On the strength of this evidence, Dreyfus was convicted by the court-martial. But Baron Fredericksz has since discovered that he was grossly imposed upon, and has written a letter to Madame



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THE LATE DR. KANE.

promotion to the Third Class. The Rev. A. W. B. Watson is the son of the late Mr. R. B. Watson, of Liverpool, and was born in the city of Mexico in 1860. On his maternal side he is a cousin of Count Morphy of Spain. He was educated at Seafield School, New Brighton, and the Edinburgh Collegiate School, completing his school career at Malvern College. He is M.A. of St. John's College, Oxford, where he obtained an Exhibition and a First Class in Finals in 1883.

The late Alderman Sir Stuart Knill, who died at Blackheath on Nov. 19, was born in 1824. He entered business life, and in due course succeeded his father, Mr. John Knill, as head of the firm of John Knill and Co., wharfingers and warehouse-keepers, London Bridge. He did not enter public life until 1885, when he carried the ward of Bridge Within. His turn for election as Lord Mayor came in 1892, and after some controversy on account of the Alderman's being a Roman Catholic he was elected. His mayoralty was successful, despite the controversial banquet to Cardinal Vaughan and the Roman Catholic Bishops. On the marriage of the Duke of York, Mr. Knill was created a Baronet. As an archaeologist and traveller he enjoyed considerable distinction.

The early death of Sir George Baden-Powell is a grave public loss. Sir George was little more than fifty, and yet he had crammed as much work into his short career as would fill many a lifetime. His active life was indeed even shorter than it looks, for he went late to Oxford, and did not leave Balliol till he was nine-and-twenty. There remained for him a brief space of twenty-five years, and he certainly made the most of it. From the University he went to Victoria as private secretary to the Governor, and from that time his interest in Colonial affairs never slackened. He was sent to the West Indies in 1882

unparalleled energy in the face of the most persistent opposition. Property-owners, vestries, and many competent engineers did not believe in Fowler's scheme, but he carried it through at a vast expense, which was no fault of his. The Forth Bridge is another monument of his genius, though he shares the credit with Sir Benjamin Baker. A visit to Egypt made him consulting engineer to the Egyptian Government; and had his plans been adopted a railway would have been made many years ago from Wady Halfa to Metemeh, and the recent history of the Sudan would have been totally different. He was the author of the metric railway-gauge in India. Indeed, no man in his profession has left a stronger mark on this particular branch of science. Sir John Fowler was made a K.C.M.G. in 1885 and a Baronet in 1890. He died in his eighty-first year.

The Rev. Richard Rutledge Kane, who died in Belfast on Nov. 20, had been a prominent figure in the public life of that city since he came to it as Rector of Christ Church. He was specially identified with the Orange movement, and for some years past had been the Grand Master of the Orange Institution for the Belfast District. Dr. Kane was ordained in 1868 in the diocese of Down, and held his first curacy at Dundonald, which he left in 1869 for Walsditch, Dorsetshire. In 1871 he returned to Ireland as curate of Tullylish, where he became Rector in 1872. He quitted that parish in 1882 for the rectory of Christ Church, Belfast, in which office he has died.

Lieutenant Norman Uniacke, 19th (P.W.O.) Hussars, who has just been selected for special service under the Niger Coast Protectorate, had the distinction of rising from the ranks, having served seven years in the 5th (R.I.) Lancers. He has been created a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by his Holiness Leo XIII., and has had a long experience of foreign service.

Dreyfus to that effect, which letter is now in the possession of the Cour de Cassation. It is impossible to say how much truth, if any, there is in this statement, but it would account for the small impression which the evidence of five successive Ministers of War is said to have made upon the Court.

The Victorian Order has been conferred upon a number of prominent Frenchmen in return for the Legion of Honour with which the Duke of Connaught and members of his personal staff were decorated during their recent visit to France. The Victorian Order entitles the recipient to style himself a knight, but so far the prefix "Sir" has not been assumed by any French member. It is a dignity which has always puzzled the French mind, and is commonly applied by French journalists to English politicians with reckless freedom. Mr. Gladstone was personally well known in France, but to many Frenchmen he was "Sir Gladstone" to the day of his death.

Madame Patti is engaged to be married to a young Swedish nobleman, Baron Rolf Cederström. According to the lapse of time, the bride will be about twenty years the bridegroom's senior; but as nobody associates the lapse of time with Madame Patti, mere chronology may be dismissed as impertinent.

Before a few days ago, we regret to say that the name of Mr. Ernest Sharpe as a vocalist was unknown to us. He has given a vocal recital at the St. James's Hall by which he proves himself to be the possessor of a finely resonant voice of great power and emotional capacity. He sang a very varied collection of songs, which included, in the original Russian, a barbarous and savage work by Moussorgsky, who had all the Oriental instinct, without a trace of the culture, of a Tschaiowsky. The result is highly curious, and not particularly desirable.





FISHING ON THE ICE IN NORTH GERMANY.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SORTIE.

At midnight Harewood passed the fortifications, riding with a troop of Hussars to a point where the Crèvecoeur road crosses the military highway between the fortress of Aubervilliers and the village of Le Bourget. Here the Hussars wheeled westward toward St. Denis, calling back to him a kindly *bon voyage*, and he rode on alone.

His horse was already tired; it was the only mount he had been able to find in Paris, a great, raw-boned cavalry charger, condemned at the *dépôt* and destined for the omnibus or the butcher. Harewood spared the creature when he could, but the highway was already deep in half-frozen slush, and the horse slipped at every ascent.

Post after post was passed; the pickets at Drancy stopped him, but let him go when they found his papers satisfactory. Again he was stopped where the shattered railroad crosses the Cœurneuve highway, but there the obstinate outpost was mollified by an officer who knew Harewood, and who sent him on his way with a mirthless laugh that rang false and sad through the falling snow.

There was nothing to be seen; now and then a yellow lantern lighting up the blackness, blotted out suddenly in a flurry of snow, or in a dim highway deep with mud, over which thin films of ice had formed, only to crackle under his horse's feet. Once a roaming quartette of *Francs-tireurs* appeared at his stirrups and seized his horse. They were drunk and sullenly suspicious, cursing, shoving, demanding papers and passwords, and handling their rifles with a carelessness that threatened the existence of everybody concerned. They lighted lanterns at length and examined Harewood, commenting on his Norfolk jacket, on its many pockets, finally on the corded riding-breeches and spurred boots. Evidently they coveted the boots.

"Take them, gentlemen," said Harewood sarcastically; "and I'll return with General Bellemare to show him how my boots fit you."

This produced its effect; the *Francs-tireurs* protested that they cared neither for General Bellemare nor for the boots. They consigned General, boots, and Harewood himself to a livid and prophetic future and let him go, shouting after him that *Flourens's Carbineers* would strip him, General or no General.

This was pleasant news for Harewood; he had had no idea that *Flourens's* three battalions were out. With a sudden misgiving he drew bridle and looked intently ahead. There was nothing to see but swirling sheets of snow. He listened, peering into the gloom; suppose *Speyer* should meet him here alone, or *Buckhurst*? The horse moved on again. "Halt! Who goes there?" a voice broke out from the darkness.

"France!" cried Harewood, with a sudden sinking of his heart. Cloaked and mounted figures appeared on every side; a pale lantern glimmered in his face, swung again to the ground, and went out.

"*C'est bien*," said somebody close at his elbow; "let *Monsieur Harewood* pass." Colonel *Lavoignet's* escort parted right and left, and one or two officers greeted the American pleasantly from the darkness.

"What troops are these?" asked Harewood, striving to recognise his unseen friends.

"The 34th of the Line," said somebody.

"The 2nd and 3rd Brigades are passing the forts," added another.

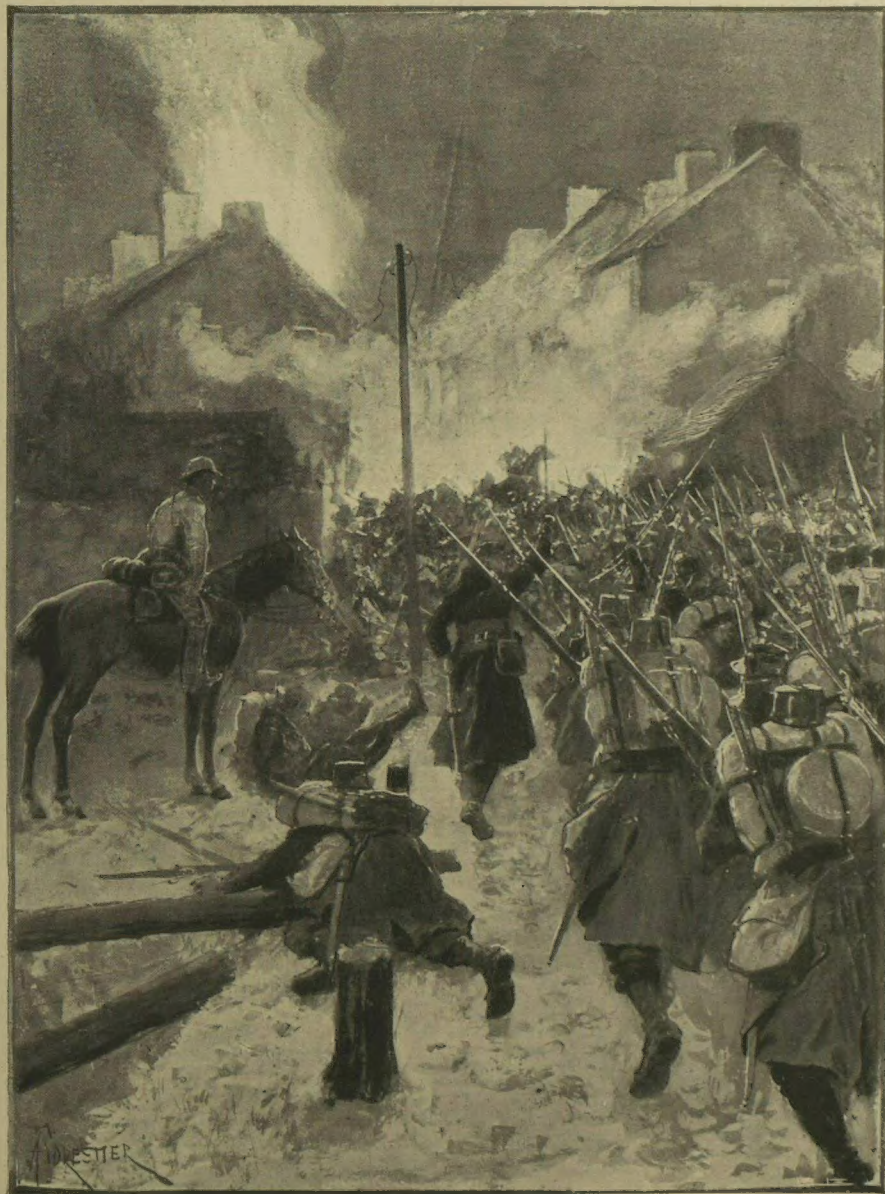
Again a lantern gleamed out, and Harewood saw General Bellemare passing close in front, escorted by dragoons, cloaked to the ears. The keen-eyed young

General smiled at Harewood, who lifted his cap in silence. "Are you going with us to Le Bourget?" asked the General, drawing bridle and holding out a gloved hand.

"*Oui, mon Général*, with your permission," replied

Harewood. "I have General Trochu's consent," he added.

"Then what do you want with mine?" asked General Bellemare, with a good-humoured gesture. "You



Then, through the night, came the rush of a column, a fierce cheer, "The bayonet! the bayonet!"



journalists are a nuisance, Monsieur Harewood, a nuisance!"

"I am to carry through despatches, General; may I be of service to you?"

General Bellemare shook his head and wheeled his horse. "Wait until we take Le Bourget," he said, and trotted forward, followed by his escort.

The snow-flakes that were now falling seemed fine as sifted flour; they powdered the route with a silvery dust that lay thick in every rut and ditch; they blew across the fields in sheets and drifting pillars; they whirled up before gusts of wind, flurried after flurried, dim phantom shapes that filled the darkness with movements half seen, half divined.

Harewood found himself riding beside a mounted Captain of the 34th Infantry *de marche*; on either side plodded the troops, with their rifles slung, their overcoats up to their ears, and faces that turned shrunken and pale under the sudden rays of some swiftly lifted lantern. The long echo of crunching footsteps, the trample and sigh of horses, the sense of stifling obscurity, depressed Harewood. He watched a lantern's sickly rays lighting up the knapsacks and muddy trousers of a line of men in front; he spoke to the mounted Captain riding in silence, his heavy head buried in his wet cloak-collar, but the officer did not seem to hear him.

The snow turned to finest grains of ice; the frozen dust pattered and rattled on wet caps, on soaked overcoats, and stiffened epaulettes. Again a sudden shaft of cold passed through the air, bringing with it a mist that hung to the fringe of the column, and grew faintly luminous as the snow ceased to fall. The fog became denser; there was scarcely a breath of air stirring; the men's breath rose like steam in the air; the horses' flanks were smoking.

Harewood rode on in silence, listening to the creak of the saddles, the slop of steel-shod hoofs, the crushing crackle of thousands of tired feet. Once the infantry Captain, riding beside him in the dark, spoke: "Monsieur, if you are going through the lines, I have a wife and child at Bonneuil."

"Give me the letter," said Harewood quietly.

The Captain fumbled in the breast of his soaked tunic, drew out a wet letter, and passed it to Harewood. "Thank you, comrade," he said. As he spoke a star broke out overhead.

Half an hour later the velvet depths of midnight were spangled with stars—great, bluish wintry stars, sparkling like frost-crystals in the moonlight. The long black column detached itself from the shadowy plain; massed squads of horsemen broke the level of the infantry, and on a little hill in front the strange outlines of cannon moved in shadowy shapes across the sky. It was four o'clock in the morning. Harewood opened his watch and read the dial by the starlight.

"We are near Le Bourget?" he asked his companion.

"We are there," said the Captain ominously.

Harewood, standing straight up in his stirrups, saw a little river just ahead, spanned by a column of wading infantry. Horses, too, were fording the shallow stream a few rods below, and above, the gunners of the two field-pieces moved cautiously along the pebbled shore searching for a safe crossing. On the opposite bank of the stream shadowy houses clustered in irregular outline; a single dim spire rose in their midst; not a ray of light came from the dark village, not a sound.

Riding ahead, Harewood felt the pebbled shore beneath his horse's feet; beside him the infantry were passing the ford while the black water gurgled and swirled to their knees. Suddenly, all along the opposite bank of the stream, a line of tiny lights danced and sparkled like fire-flies; there came a rippling, tearing crash, the keen whispering of bullets, that hurtled and cracked on stone and rock, and tore through the bushes on either side. Out in the water a horse reared, sank on his haunches, and began to splash wildly; a soldier in mid-stream plunged round in a circle shrieking; another dropped forward and came floating past, with his head under water and his little tin cup shining in the starlight. A shrill cheer broke out from the infantry; the shallow waters of the ford boiled under their rush; mounted officers dashed through the water shouting "Forward! Forward!" and the gunners, lashing their horses, swung the field-pieces down to the shore and through the icy water to the bank opposite, where the will-o'-the-wisp lights flickered and danced and the bullets whistled like hail through sheathed whet.

The first rolling crash from the French infantry seemed to extinguish the flicker of the rifles from the opposite shore. Already the battery-horses were galloping back with the limbers; the two guns stood apart, half hidden by shrubbery. Then, through the night, came the rush of a column, a fierce cheer, "The bayonet! the bayonet!" and Harewood, setting spurs to his horse, rode out of the muddy fields to the highway where the French onset passed like a whirlwind straight into the black throat of the village street.

It was over in a moment. He caught a glimpse of figures outlined through sheets of level flame; he saw a Uhlan, clinging to the neck of a plunging horse, rear up in a blaze of light like a soul in torment. Drums began to beat from the extreme right; on the left the troops were cheering fiercely. A battalion of sailors came up at the double, the flames from a thatched roof on fire gleaming on rifle-barrel and cutlass, on the red knots of their caps, on broad axes swinging and glittering as the blows fell on oaken doors from which spurted puffs of smoke and jets of yellow flame. There were strange sounds, too, in the houses—shrieks, blows, the dull explosion of rifles behind barred shutters, the clang of a bell that began swinging in some unseen steeple. A rush of strange cavalry passed like the wind; they were Uhlans of the Prussian Guard, stampeding frantically toward the open country. They drove past, a cyclone of slanting lances, of tossing pennons, and frenzied horses, while the savage cheering redoubled, and swift jetted flashes from revolver and rifle pierced the fringing gloom with a thousand crimson rays.

Harewood, splashed from head to foot, stood on the steps of the village church; his horse lay dead in the gutter under a shattered lamp-post, its patient, sad eyes glazing in the sickly light of the torches. General Bellemare,

cloaked and muddy, stood near him on the steps, surrounded by dismounted officers. Harewood heard him say—

"The 14th Mobile Battalion and the Francs-tireurs will occupy the village; a detachment of three infantry battalions and two guns will form the main guard, to be relieved every twenty-four hours. Two battalions of the 135th will hold Courneuve; Admiral Saisset must cover the right flank with the sailors and fortify Drancy. Where's Colonel Martin? Oh, well, Colonel, are you under the guns of Aubervilliers? No? Is it too far? Where are those Belleville Carabiniers?"

"The Belleville Carabiniers ran," said an officer, with a short, dry laugh. There was silence, and then another laugh.

"If I had my way, I'd shoot this Flourens," said the General quietly. His glance fell on Harewood and he shrugged his shoulders. "Monsieur Harewood, I fear you will have to wait before trying to pass the lines. It appears we are to receive no aid from Paris; we must rely on St. Denis, according to General Trochu."

"But," said Harewood, astounded, "Le Bourget is the key to St. Denis. Isn't it worth holding? It has been won gallantly."

"Of course it's worth holding," broke out General Hanriot violently. General Bellemare made a gesture of assent. "It is the key to the Double Crown Battery," he said; "surely they must realise this in Paris. If I dared to leave Le Bourget, if I dared go myself and persuade the Governor—" He looked hard at Hanriot, who nodded back at him.

"St. Denis can't aid us now," cried Colonel Lavoignet; "let them send us a dozen batteries from Paris. Do they expect us to annihilate the whole of the Prussian Guard? Let the Uhlans go back and tell their King that a handful of foot-soldiers sent them packing."

Everybody moved uneasily: the apathy of General Trochu disheartened them. Here was a victory, the first victory under the walls of Paris; and now, when it was won, the Governor thought it scarcely worth the powder. Yet Le Bourget was the point of the wedge with which the German lines might be split; it pierced the very centre of the north zone of investment, threatened the German communications on the east, and finally assured St. Denis and opened a wider area of operations for the army of Paris.

General Bellemare drew out the telegraphic despatch from Paris and read it again with knitted brows: "*Le Bourget has no important bearing upon our line of defence, and is not necessary to our general plan of operation.*"—Trochu, Governor of Paris."

What dark chimera did the sombre Trochu follow in his waking dreams as he paced the dim chambers of the War Office?

"Messieurs," said General Bellemare sharply, "call my escort. I leave for Paris to-morrow."

General Hanriot stepped forward, his face lighted with hope. "By God!" he cried; "the Governor shall listen now or—"

"Or it will be too late," said General Bellemare quietly.

He stood a moment watching the tattered Mobile battalions pressing wearily towards the river. The boyish soldiers turned their sad, white faces toward him; some smiled, some raised their ragged arms in salute. A little bugler sounded a flourish, but he was too exhausted to finish, and hung his head in shame, while a sergeant scolded him to conceal the tears in his own eyes. On every face fine lines of hunger drew the lips tight and sharpened nose and cheek-bone; in every eye the last flicker of hope had died; yet they marched, turning their patient faces to their General, who watched them in silence—these men who had conquered and who now were left to die, because General Trochu "had other plans." At last, when they had passed, General Bellemare turned and walked slowly into the church, up to the altar, holding his sword clasped cross-wise on his medalled breast.

When he knelt, Harewood stepped to the church door and closed it. There was a sudden stillness in Le Bourget.

## CHAPTER XX.

### LE BOURGET.

At daylight it began to snow again; an hour later torrents of rain swept the deserted streets of the village. The roar of the wind awoke Harewood. A sickly twilight stole through the church, where, rolled in his blanket, he had slept under the altar among a dozen drenched officers.

A cavalry trumpeter, swathed in his dripping cloak, stood inside the chancel fastening his chin-strap with numb fingers. He had hung his trumpet over the arm of the crucifix, and now, as his pinched face turned to the sunken face on the cross, he paused with outstretched hand. After a second's silence he crossed himself, unhooked the trumpet, and, setting it stiffly to his shrunken lips, blew the réveille. A hundred shadowy forms stumbled up in the gloom; the vibrating shock of steel filled the church. An artillery officer, his sabre clashing on the stone floor, left the church at a run, pulling on his fur-trimmed jacket as he passed out into the storm.

Harewood stood up, aching in every bone. He shook his blanket, opened his despatch-pouch, counted the papers, shut it again, and yawned. An officer beside him began to shiver and shake, a thin lantern-jawed fellow, yellow with jaundice, and covered from cap to boot with half-dry mud. Somebody said, "Go to the hospital!" The officer turned a wan face to Harewood and smiled.

Outside the church the infantry bugles were sounding, their thin strident call setting Harewood's teeth on edge. He rolled and strapped his blanket, slung the despatch-pouch over his shoulder, and stumbled out to the church-door, where a dozen horses stood, hanging their heads dejectedly in the pouring rain. A mounted orderly looked sullenly at Harewood, who called to him, "Whose escort is that?"

"General Bellemare's," replied the trooper.

"Is he going to Paris?"

"Yes, Monsieur, in half an hour."

Harewood looked down the dismal street. The low stone houses, shabby and deserted, loomed dark and misty through the storm; on every side were closed shutters, closed doors, dismantled lamps, stark trees, rusty railings on balcony and porch. And now, down the street, through

the roaring wind and slanting sheets of rain, marched a regiment, a spectral regiment, shrouded, gaunt, their sloppy drums vibrating like the death-rattle of an army. It was the 128th of the Line, the relief for the outpost. After it, one by one, rumbled four cannon and a *mitrailleuse*, escorted by Mobiles, the 12th battalion of the Seine.

The orderly backed his charger on to the pavement while the infantry were passing. Harewood leaned from the church-steps and touched him on the shoulder. "Will you deliver a letter in Paris for me?" he asked.

The orderly nodded sulkily, and said: "Are you going to stay here with the troops?"

"Yes," replied Harewood, sitting down under the porch and beginning to write on a pad with a stump of red pencil.

"Then you'll not need an answer to your letter," observed the man. Harewood raised his eyes. "Because," continued the trooper with an oath, "that infernal Trochu won't send you any cannon, and you'll die like rats—that's why!"

Harewood thought for a moment, and then went on writing to Bourke: "The sortie was no sortie after all; it was a raid on Le Bourget by Bellemare. Trochu isn't inclined to back him up, and here we are, wedged into the German lines, able to pierce them if supported from Paris, but in a bad mess if Paris abandons us. Bellemare starts for Paris in half an hour to urge personally the direction of a supporting column. If the Germans come at us while he's gone, I don't know how it will end. In case of accident you will find duplicates of all despatches in my wash-stand drawer. I would go back to Paris if it were not such a shame to risk losing this chance to get through the lines. If the worst comes to the worst I think I can get back safely. But in case you don't hear from me—" He began to add something about Hildé, but crossed it out. Instead he wrote: "God bless you all," and then scratched that out, for he had a horror of battlefield sentiment and doleful messages from the front. He raised his head and watched the storm. Swifter and swifter came the rain, dashing itself to smoking mist on the glistening slate roofs. A shutter, hanging from one twisted hinge, swung like an inn-sign across the front of a cottage opposite. He wrote again a message to Hildé, cheerful and optimistic—a gay pleasantry untinged with doubt or foreboding—and signed his name *James Harewood*.

When he had sealed and directed the letter, he handed it to the orderly, saying cheerfully, "Thank you, comrade, for your trouble."

The trooper thrust the letter into the breast of his tunic, pocketed the silver piece that Harewood held out to him, and nodded his thanks.

A few moments later General Bellemare came out of the house next the church and climbed into his saddle, calling sharply to his escort, and off they clattered in the teeth of the storm, the crimson pennon of the orderly's lance cracking like a wet whip-lash in the wind.

Harewood prowled around the church, picking up scraps of information from officers and men, until he found that he knew quite as much about the situation as anybody did, which was really nothing.

He leaned against the Gothic columns that supported the west choir, eating a bit of bread and drinking from time to time the mixture of wine and rain-water that stood in a great stone font, where once the good people of Le Bourget had found holy water. The church swarmed with soldiers at breakfast, some eating ravenously, some walking about listlessly, nibbling bits of crust, some sitting cross-legged on the stone-paved floor, with vacant faces and a morsel of bread untasted in their hands. They came to dip their little tin cups into the font; one forgetfully touched the crimson liquid with his fingers and crossed himself; nobody laughed.

About seven o'clock, without the slightest warning, a violent explosion shook the street in front of the church. Before Harewood could reach the door, three shells fell, one after another, and exploded in the street, sending cobble-stones and pavement into the air.

"Keep back!" shouted an officer. "Close the doors!" Harewood ran out into the street; far away toward Pont-Iblon the smoke of the Prussian guns hung heavily in the air. "Are you coming back?" called a soldier. "We're going to close the church-doors." Harewood came back, calling out to an officer, "It's the batteries behind Pont-Iblon." Some soldiers piled pews and chairs into heaps under the stained-glass windows. On each of the heaps an officer stationed himself with levelled field-glasses; the men lay down on the floor, many of them to sleep.

The cannonade now raged furiously; for an hour the wretched village was covered with bursting shells. Suddenly the tumult ceased, and Harewood, clinging to a shattered window, heard from the plain to the northward the long roll of volley-firing. A moment later he was in the street, running beside a column of Mobiles. Everywhere the French bugles were ringing; the cobble-stones echoed with the clatter of artillery, summoned from Drancy by rocket-signal.

Harewood, perched astride a wall, looked across the plain and saw dark masses of the Prussian Guard advancing in silence through the rain. The French shells were dropping between the Prussian skirmishers and the line of battle; the Prussian cannon were silent. It seemed to him that, after a while, the dark lines ceased to advance but were swinging obliquely toward Blanc Mesnil. Presently he saw that the Germans were actually retiring, and he wondered, while the troops along the wall muttered their misgivings as the Prussian lines faded away in retreat, accompanied by shotted salutes from the fortress of the east and the unseen batteries of Aubervilliers.

All day he roamed about the village, trying to form some idea of its defensive possibilities, and at night he returned to the church. Fires had been lit along the main street; the rain had ceased, but through the fog a fine drizzle still descended, freezing as it fell, until the stones glistened with greasy slush.

Harewood looked up at the Gothic portal of the church all crimsoned in the firelight. Above it the rose-window glittered with splendid hues dyed deep in the glow of the flames; and still, above the window, the cross of stone, dark and wet, absorbed the ruddy light till it gleamed like a live cinder. Somewhere in the village a battalion was marching to quarters; he heard the tramp of the men, the



short, hoarse commands of the officers, the clatter of a *mitrailleuse* dragged along by hand.

"The Carbineers are insubordinate," said an officer beside him. "I wish the General was here."

"The Carbineers," repeated Harewood; "I thought they had run away."

"Part of them ran," said an artillery officer sulkily; "two companies got lost near Blanc Mesnil and had to come back when the cannonade began."

"They're in the next street," said another officer; "they are quarrelling because there has been no distribution. Curse them!" he added; "the distribution they deserve is a volley from a *mitrailleuse*!"

Harewood listened a moment to the chorus of denunciations that arose from the group around the fire. From it he gathered that Flourens and his Carbineers had fled at the first attack on Le Bourget, and on the whole he was rather glad, for he had no desire to encounter any of the battalion that the Undertakers had sent out. He went to the corner of the street and looked down the short transverse alley where the camp-fires of the two Carbineer companies blazed fiercely. Curiosity led him on, and in a moment he had done the very thing that he intended to avoid—he was standing in the midst of a group of Carbineers, listening to their angry bickerings.

The two companies were fantastic enough in their strange uniforms. Hunger had made them sullen; they cursed their officers, their generals, and Le Bourget. At

probably settle Buckhurst and his Carbineers, Harewood went back to the church, where the roaring camp-fires sent showers of sparks into the fog, and the rose-window glimmered and glistened red as blood.

Inside the church the officers were at dinner. He accepted an invitation and sat down on the altar-steps with his bit of bread and morsel of dry beef.

The wavering flare from the camp-fires filtered through the stained glass; the sombre depths of the church were tinged with violet and crimson; the clustered columns glimmered purple; the crucifix was bathed in shadow, save where a single trembling beam of light, red as blood, lay like an open wound across the pierced side of our dying Lord.

He looked up into the vaulted roof, stone-ribbed, black with the shadows of centuries; he heard the roar of the camp-fires, the crackle of damp logs, the stamp and stir of sleepy horses, the deep breathing of sleeping men. He rose noiselessly and crept out into the street. The fog hung thick on the heavy flying-buttresses, on pinnacle and gargyle, and on the fluted robes of saints and martyrs, peering down from their niches into the fire-glow where, swathed in their cloaks, lay the martyrs to be, not saints but men—sick, freezing, starving things called the 128th of the Line. They lay there like lumps on the church-steps, in doorways; they nestled in the gutter, they huddled against door-posts, these clods of breathing clay, sodden and ragged and filthy, sinful, lustful, and human.

there was something to do first. Who spoke of death? There was too much to do; there were matters of honour to arrange first; there was a debt to pay that neither death nor hell nor hope of paradise could cancel. Was death about to prevent him from paying that debt?

He was walking, now, moving aimlessly to and fro under the porch of the church. A sentry, huddled against a column, regarded him apathetically as he passed out into the street. And always his thoughts ran on: "If I have this debt to pay, what am I doing here? What right have I to risk death until it is paid? And if I die—if I die—"

His thoughts carried him no further. Hildé's pale face rose before him; he read terrible accusation in her eyes. And he repeated aloud, again and again, "I must go back." For he understood now that his life was no longer his own to risk, that it belonged to Hildé. Nor would he ever again have the right to imperil his life until they had risen together from their knees before the altar, as man and wife. He looked out into the mist, ruddy with the glow of the camp-fires. Would morning never come? Why should he wait for morning? At the thought he caught up his pouch and blanket, rolled, strapped, and adjusted them, and stole out into the darkness.

Almost at once he heard somebody following him, but at first he scarcely noticed it. Down the main street he passed, over the slippery cobble-stones, his eyes fixed on a distant fire that marked the last bivouac in the village



Harewood felt a tug at his elbow, and heard a whine—"Monsieur, there's a hole!"

daylight they intended to leave for Paris; they had had enough of this sortie foolishness. They were freezing, they were tired, they were hungry, and, above all, the stereotyped phrase was on every Carbineer's lips—"Treason! Our generals have betrayed us!"

Disgust succeeded Harewood's curiosity; he glanced round the fire and turned to retrace his steps. As he passed out of the circle of light he looked back at the mutinous Carbineers, and, as he looked, he distinctly saw Buckhurst and Mortier come out of a house with their arms full of plunder. Startled, he stepped back into the shadow of a gate and watched them. And now he recognised Speyer and Stauffer, both in the full uniforms of Carbineer officers, holding pillow-cases while Buckhurst stuffed his plunder into the improvised sacks and Mortier tied them tight.

And now the plundering had become general. Bands of the Carbineers began smashing windows and breaking down doors all along the street; others came out loaded with the wretched household articles of the poorer peasantry—clocks, dishes, pewter vessels, clothing, bed-linen, and even furniture. The latter they flung on to the bonfires. Harewood saw a baby's cradle tossed into the flames. "The miserable savages!" he muttered. "Why don't they turn the guns on them?"

The tumult of the orgie was attracting attention now; an officer galloped up on a jaded horse, gesticulating furiously, but the Carbineers menaced him with their rifles and he withdrew in time to save his skin.

Consoling himself with the hope that, on General Bellemare's return from Paris, a court-martial would

sleeping their brief sleep till the white dawn roused and summoned them home for ever.

All day he had driven thoughts of Hildé from him, but now, at midnight, when the lamp of life burns lowest and the eyes close, and death seems very near, he thought of her; and lying down in the street beside the fire, he questioned his soul. At night, too, the soul, stirring in the body, perhaps at the nearness of God, awakens conscience. He had never before thought seriously of death. Its arrival to himself he had never pictured in concrete form; in the abstract he had often risked it, never fearing it because mentally too inert, too lazy to apply such a contingency to his own familiar body. Now, for the first time in his life he closed his eyes, and saw himself, just as he lay, but still, wet, muddy, and horribly silent. He opened his eyes and looked steadily at the fire. After a little he closed his eyes again, and again he saw himself lying as he lay, wet, muddy, motionless as only the dead can lie. He had known fear, but never before the dull foreboding that now crept into his heart. To open his eyes and see the fire was to live; to shut his eyes was to reflect the image of death upon his closed lids. At first he disdained to shake it off, this mental shadow that passed across his senses. What if it were true? He had lived. It was the old selfishness stifling the sense of responsibility, his responsibility to the world, to himself, to Hildé. To Hildé?

He sat up in his blanket and stared into the fire. Slowly the comprehension of his responsibility came to him—his duty, all that was due to her from him, all that he owed her, all that she should claim one day—claim in life or in the life to come. Die—he could not die yet;

before the street ends at the ruined bridge across the Mollette. It was as he approached this camp-fire that he realised somebody had been following him. He paused a moment in the circle of firelight and turned round. Nothing stirred in the darkness beyond. He waited, then moved on again, crossing the Lille highway to the line of bushes that marked the water's edge. No sentinel challenged him. He waded the ford below the wrecked stone bridge, climbed the opposite bank, and began to cross a wet meadow beyond which lay the muddy road to Paris. Halfway through the meadow he halted again to listen. The unseen person was wading the ford; he could hear him in the water; now he was climbing the bank; the bushes crackled; a footstep fell on the gravel.

Harewood waited, peering through the gloom. He could see nothing; the silence was absolute. Whoever was following him had stopped out there somewhere in the darkness.

A little unnerved, Harewood turned again and hastened through the meadow to the highway. When he reached the road he could scarcely see it, but he felt the mud and gravel beneath his feet, and held on his course. In a moment he heard the footsteps of his follower, not behind now, but in front, between him and Paris. He stopped abruptly and drew his revolver. A minute passed in utter silence. Then there came a soft footfall close in front, a whining voice: "Monsieur!"

"Who are you?" said Harewood sharply.

"The Mouse, Monsieur."

In his astonishment the revolver almost fell from Harewood's hand. "What the devil are you doing here?" he



asked; "and why the devil are you sneaking about like this? Answer, you fool!—I nearly shot you just now."

The Mouse crept up to Harewood as a sulkily vicious cur comes to his punishment.

"Answer," repeated Harewood; "why are you following me?"

"I wasn't sure it was you," muttered the Mouse.

"What? Why did you come to Le Bourget?"

"I don't know," said the man sulkily.

Harewood's amazement turned to impatience. "You'd better answer me," he said; "you certainly didn't come here for love of my company."

But that was exactly the reason why the Mouse had come. The instinct of a savage cur for its master, the strange attraction that decency and courage have for the brutally vicious, the necessity that dwarfed intelligence feels for the companionship and guidance and protection of a healthy mind—all these had started the Mouse out of Paris as an abandoned mongrel starts to find its missing master.

Harewood understood this at last, and it touched him. Not that the Mouse explained it; he could not have explained it even if he himself comprehended the reason of his seeking Harewood. All he knew was this—that he missed Harewood, that he was used to him, that he felt uncomfortable without him; so he came. Even a gutter-cut, forcibly transported into distant parts, turns up again in its old haunts. Harewood's company had become the haunt of the Mouse, so he came back to it.

The wretched creature was nearly starved. Harewood drew him into the thicket beside the road and gave him his last morsel of bread and meat. "Imbecile!" he whispered, while the Mouse gnawed the crust, squatting on his muddy haunches; "there may be Prussian pickets anywhere along the fields. Didn't you know it?"

"Yes," said the Mouse tranquilly; "there's a picket of Uhlans just ahead."

This was startling news for Harewood. "Where?" he demanded under his breath.

"About a kilometre over that way," replied the Mouse, jerking his thumb toward the south-east. He was going to add something more when the sudden sound of a horse's foot on the stones broke through the night. They crouched low in the thicket listening. The road was lighter now; a grey shadow passed; a horseman trailing a lance; others rode up mounted on wily little horses, all carrying tall lances that rattled in their sockets.

As Harewood strained his eyes the moon broke out overhead, a battered deformed moon, across whose pale disk the flying scud whirled like shredded smoke.

A guttural voice began in German: "Where are the scouts, eh?"

Then in the moonlight Harewood saw Speyer and Stauffer, clad in the uniform of the Carbineers, salute the Uhlman officer and hand him a thin packet of papers. The Mouse beside him trembled like a ferret at a rat-hole. Harewood clutched his arm and stared at the group in the road. There was a brief parley, a word of caution, and then the Uhlans wheeled their horses and galloped back toward Paris, while the two traitors struck off across the meadow toward Le Bourget. Very cautiously Harewood crept out on to the road when the gallop of the Uhlans had died away. The Mouse stood beside him, an open clasp-knife in his fist, his nostril quivering in the freshening wind.

Harewood glanced at the knife and said: "What are you going to do? (Cut your way to Paris? Come back to Le Bourget, you fool!)"

Halfway back across the meadow the Mouse asked: "And if we overtake Speyer?"

"Are you the public executioner?" said Harewood sharply. "Put up that knife, I tell you!"

The Mouse closed his knife and plodded on in silence. After awhile Harewood asked him about Bourke and Hildé and Yvette; but he knew little more than Harewood did, for he had left the house on the ramparts the morning after Harewood's departure and since then had been following him up.

Morning was breaking as they forded the Mollette and answered the sentry's challenge from the ruined highway. It was Sunday, Oct. 30, a desolate Sunday in a desolate land. They hurried through the main street, where sleepy reliefs were marching to replace the pickets along the river, and at last they reached the church, where a group of officers stood on the steps in attitudes of dejection.

"Colonel Martin," cried Harewood, "send a file of men to arrest two captains of the Carbineers, Speyer and Stauffer. I charge them with treason; here is my witness." He dragged the Mouse up the steps and led him forward. In half-a-dozen sentences he told what he had seen. The Mouse nodded his corroboration, stealing cunning glances about him and shuffling his muddy shoes, partly to inspire self-confidence, partly because he appreciated the importance of his present position.

"But," said an Artillery officer, "the Carbineers have already gone. I heard them breaking camp before daylight."

"Gone," repeated Harewood.

"They followed the river-bank toward Blanc-Mesnil."

Before Harewood could speak again, a cannon-shot from the end of the street brought the soldiers out of the church on a run. At the same moment a shell struck a house opposite and burst. Colonel Martin, now commanding

officer in the village, turned quietly to Harewood, and said: "If I live to get out of this, I'll have the Carbineers before a drum-head court-martial. Are you going back to Paris?"

"If I can," said Harewood.

"If you get there, have these Carbineer officers arrested by the first patrol."

Harewood turned again toward the river, calling impatiently to the Mouse to follow. The bombardment from the Prussian guns had suddenly become violent; shells fell everywhere, exploding on roofs, in courtyards, in the middle of the street. The Mouse, half dead with terror, shrieked as he ran, ducking his head at every crash, one hand twisted in Harewood's coat, one shielding his face.

"This won't do!" cried Harewood, dragging the Mouse into a passage. "We must wait till this fire stops. Here, break in this door—quick!"

Together they forced the door and entered. The house was dark and empty. Harewood climbed the stairs, groped about, unfastened the scuttle, and raised himself to the roof. North, east, and west the smoke of the Prussian guns curled up from the plain; in the north vast masses of troops were moving towards Le Bourget, shelled by the fortress of the east at long range. There was no chance to reach Paris; he saw that at the first glance. He saw, too, the French pickets being chased back into Le Bourget by Uhlans; and he heard the rattle of a *mitrailleuse* in the west end of the village, where columns of smoke arose from a burning house. Far away in the grey morning light towered the fortress of the east, circled with floating mist, through which the sheeted flashes of the cannon played like lightning behind a thunder-cloud.

And now began, under the guns of St. Denis and Aubervilliers, almost under the walls of Paris, that first of a series of terrible blows destined to reduce France to a moral and physical condition too pitiable to describe. For the storming of Le Bourget made the Commune a certainty; and although the second and third attempts at anarchy were to prove abortive, the fourth insurrection was

"Come," he said, "we must make a dash for the church." And seizing the Mouse, he dragged him down the smoking stairs to the street door, and out over the cobblestones, where a group of officers and a couple of dozen *voltigeurs* of the Guard were running toward the church, pursued by Uhlans. Up the steps and into the dark church they tumbled pell-mell, Harewood and the Mouse among them. They closed the great doors, bolted, and barricaded them with benches, pews, and heavy stone slabs from the floor. Already the *voltigeurs* were firing through the stained glass across the street; the officers climbed beside them and emptied their revolvers into the masses of Prussians that surged around the church in a delirium of fury.

Harewood, looking over the shoulder of an officer, saw the Prussian pioneers digging through the walls of the houses across the street, saw the German soldiers pour into the breach, saw them, at the windows, bayoneting the remnants of the 128th and flinging the wounded from the windows. From house to house the pioneers opened the walls. It was necessary to exterminate the garrison of each separate cottage, for none of them surrendered.

The house adjoining the church was swarming with Prussian infantry. They fired into the church-windows, shouting "Hurrah, hurrah! Prussia! No quarter!" The officer next Harewood was killed outright; two others fell back on the stone floor below. At the next volley five *voltigeurs* were killed or wounded; a blast of flame entered the church as a grenade exploded outside a window.

The Mouse, in an agony of fright, was running round and round the building like a caged creature looking for some chink or cranny of escape. A soldier was shot dead beside him, and the poor wretch stumbled over the corpse with a shriek. That stumble, however, almost pitched him through the back of the east confessional, which in reality was a concealed door leading directly to the rear of the church. The Mouse thrust his muzzle out, saw a garden, a dismantled arbour and no Prussians. His first instinct drove him to immediate flight; he crawled through the door on hands and knees and wriggled into the arbour.

Then came his second instinct—to tell Harewood. Why it was that the Mouse crept back into the church at the risk of his miserable life nobody perhaps can tell; though it is true that frightened animals, when unmolested, often return to a companion in trouble.

Harewood was standing by a high stained-glass window, doing a thing that meant death if captured—he was firing a rifle at the Germans. How he, a non-combatant, a cool-headed youth who seldom needlessly risked his skin, could do such a thing, might only be explained by himself. In case of capture he would not be harmed if he minded his own business; but he knew very well that a swift and merciless justice was served out for those civilians who fired on German troops. Yet there he stood, firing with the rest, a mere handful left now out of thirty. Outside the shattered windows dirty fingers clutched the stone coping; already helmeted heads bobbed up here and there and inflamed

Teutonic faces leered into the building; then came the scrape of scaling-ladders against the wall—worse still, the rumble of artillery in the street close at hand.

One of the half-dozen survivors glanced around the church. It was a butcher's shambles. Then from the street came a shout: "Our guns are here! Surrender!"

"Surrender?" repeated Harewood vacantly. Then, as he saw a wounded creature stagger up from the floor holding out a white handkerchief, he realised what he had done. Half stunned, he stepped back to the altar as the firing died away. He saw the great doors open; he saw the street outside, wet and muddy, choked with throngs of helmeted soldiers all staring up at the door; he saw a gun limbered up and dragged away, the mounted gunners looking back at the portal where three dozen French soldiers had held in check some fifteen thousand Germans.

A soldier, streaming with blood, rose from the floor of the church and stumbled blindly out on to the steps; two more carried a wounded officer between them on a chair. Then, as the German troops parted, and the wounded man was borne out and down the steps, Harewood felt a tug at his elbow and heard a whine—"Monsieur, there's a hole."

The next instant he stepped behind the confessional, crawled through the little door, and ran for his life.

(To be continued.)



VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE: PAVILION FOR THE IMPERIAL LANDING AT BEIRUT.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. J. Simmons, Beirut.

inevitable, and the political triumph of Monsieur Thiers assured its success.

As for the miserable village of Le Bourget, it was already doomed. The black masses of the Prussian Guard gathered like a tempest in the north and swept across the plain in three columns. From Dugny, from Pont Iblon, from Blanc Mesnil they poured down upon Le Bourget, firing as they came on. Right through the main street they burst, hurling back the Mobiles, carrying the barricade, and turning again to batter down doors and windows where, through the blinds, the soldiers of the 128th were firing frenziedly. From the slate roof where he crouched, Harewood saw the Mobiles give way and run; in a minute the interior of the village swarmed with panic-stricken soldiers. The Prussians shot them as they ran; the shells tore through them and whirled them about as winds whirl the red autumn leaves. A battery, a mass of wrecked limbers, dying horses, and smashed guns, choked the transverse alley; behind it a company of the 128th fought like wild cats until the Queen Elizabeth Regiment took them on the flank and bayoneted them to the last man. And now, from the west, two splendid regiments of the Prussian Guard (the Emperor Francis and the Emperor Alexander) burst into Le Bourget, driving before them an agonised mob of Mobiles, Frances-tieurs, and Linesmen. The massacre was frightful; the Prussian bayonets swept the streets as scythes swing through ripe grass. South and east the village was on fire; in the west the firing had ended, and the Uhlans capered from garden to garden, spearing the frightened fugitives and shouting, "Hurrah, hurrah! God with us!" In the north, however, the 128th Regiment still held out. The men had barricaded themselves in the stone houses lining both sides of the main street, and were firing from the windows into the thick of the Germans. The street swam with smoke, through which the Prussians dashed again and again, only to stagger back under the blaze of flame.

Harewood, on the roof, was a mark now for the German riflemen; bullet after bullet cracked against the chimney behind which he clung. He waited his chance, then crawled along the slates and dropped into the scuttle where the Mouse stood speechless with terror. It was time that he left. A shell, bursting in the collar, had ignited the stored faggots, and the first floor of the house had already begun to burn fiercely.

With the return of the Stanley Show one is reminded of the new season's models in cycles. Prominent among these are the beautiful machines of the Swift Cycle Company, already distinguished for style, finish, and reliability. Among the many new features which the casual observer cannot fail to notice is the new pattern brake lever fulcrum, which, besides giving a very neat appearance to this point of the handle-bar, permits of being very easily detached, the fixed blocks having been dispensed with and the joint so arranged as to become detachable by simply sliding it over the handle-bar. In consequence of the demand for a tricycle cheaper in price than the No. 1 Swift Tricycle, the company are for the next season putting on the market the Marlborough Swift Tricycle, both for ladies and gentlemen, at a popular price. These machines, built closely on the lines of the No. 1 Swift Tricycle, should command a ready sale.



THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS RETURNING FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AT JERUSALEM.

*Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Milton Prior.*



## THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

The drawings which have come to hand from our Special Artist in Palestine further illustrate the most interesting incidents of the Kaiser's visit. On this page the first picture represents the scene in the imperial camp at Jerusalem at the moment when his Majesty was thanking Mr. John M. Cook for the excellent manner in which he had organised and "personally conducted" the memorable tour. Mr. Cook, with the assistance of his eldest son, Mr. Frank H. Cook, had the sole direction of the Emperor's journey. His Imperial Majesty expressed his great satisfaction with the way in which the arrangements had been carried out, and decorated Mr. Cook with the Order of the Crown of Prussia.

The other illustration on this page refers to the ceremony of hoisting the German flag on that part of Mount Sion known as La Dormition de Sainte Vierge. The ground has been acquired from the Sultan by the Kaiser and formally presented to the German Catholics. The ceremony took place on the afternoon of Oct. 31, at four o'clock. In the centre of an acre of cleared ground the flagstaff was planted, surrounded by a guard of blue-jackets from the cruiser *Herttha*. The band of the *Hohenzollern* was also in attendance. On the arrival of the Emperor and Empress, his Majesty, having addressed the people, handed over the ground, which he is understood to have purchased, to the German Catholics "for religious purposes." The German standard was then run up, to the strains of the German National Anthem. Father Schmidt, the Catholic Patriarch, replied, concluding with an exhortation to steadfastness in the faith, and the blessing of the Virgin, who had on this spot fallen asleep. His Majesty then shook hands with the clergy,



Photograph by Bassano.  
MR. JOHN M. COOK.

decorated the bluejackets present with crosses of honour, and referred to their great privilege in taking part in the day's proceedings. The Emperor's speech to the men was as follows: "It is an altogether exceptional distinction for you to have been present at to-day's ceremony in this place. I hope that you will show yourselves worthy of it, and that when you return home you will tell your relatives and friends that you had an opportunity of seeing the places where our Saviour lived and suffered for us." This incident is illustrated on another page.

Just before the ceremony on Mount Sion, and after the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer, the Emperor and Empress visited the Muristan Chapel, built on a site once held by the Knights of St. John. Other illustrations represent the imperial party returning from the Church of St. John, the procession passing one of the triumphal arches erected for the entry into Jerusalem, and the visit to the new grand bazaar, Damascus.



THE IMPERIAL CAMP AT JERUSALEM: HIS MAJESTY THANKING MR. J. M. COOK FOR HIS CONDUCT OF THE TOUR.



HOISTING THE GERMAN FLAG ON LA DORMITION DE SAINTE VIERGE, MOUNT SION.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Nelson Prior.



THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.



HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING HIS BLUEJACKETS WITH THE CROSS OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Malton Prior.*



THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS GOING TO THE RAILWAY STATION AT BEIRUT, EN ROUTE FOR DAMASCUS.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "FORMIDABLE" AT PORTSMOUTH, NOVEMBER 17.

LADY LUCY HICKS BEACH.



LADY LUCY HICKS BEACH CUTTING THE LAST CORD WHICH HELD THE VESSEL TO THE WAYS.



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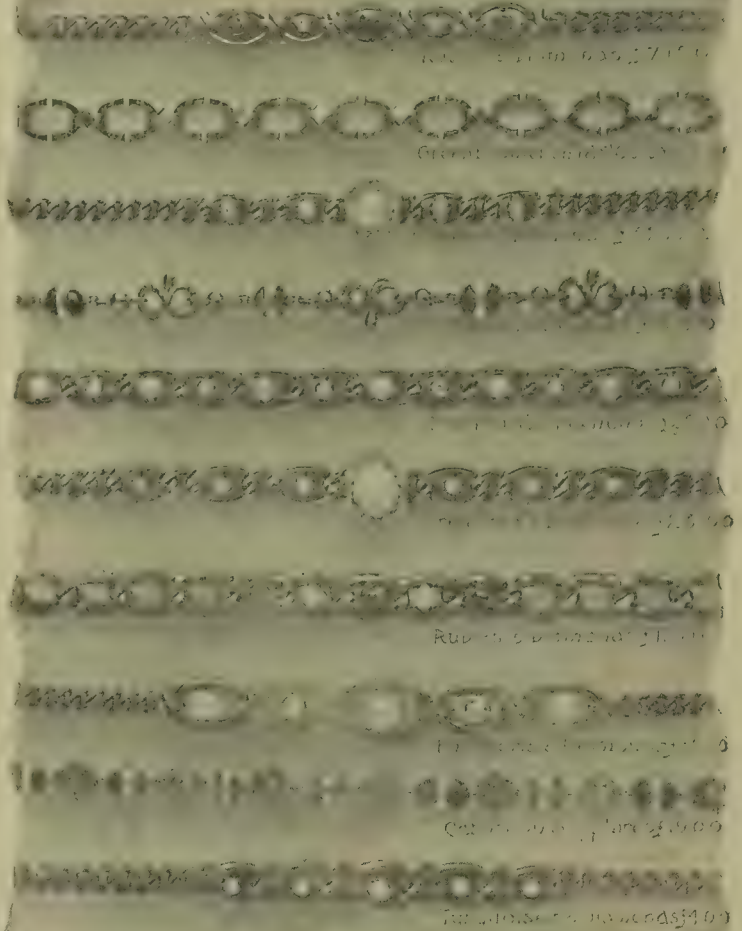
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Canon Bell, whose death we announced last week, was Rector of Cheltenham and a prominent member of the Evangelical party. Canon Bell was an Irishman, and especially as Rector of Cheltenham did an important work for the Church. He was always interested in literature, and wrote many books of poetry, religion, and travel. He was an active member of the Society of Authors.

Considerable attention has been attracted by Sir Edward Russell's letter in the *Times* on the decay of experimental religion. Sir Edward is the editor of the *Liverpool Post*, and a neighbour of the Bishop of Liverpool in Abercrombie Square. The *Record* suggests that Sir Edward knows more of Nonconformist life than of Church work. This is, however, scarcely correct. Sir Edward is a member of the Church of England, and attends an Evangelical church in Liverpool.

Sir T. Powell Buxton, who has returned home, was presented by the Standing Committee of the Adelaide Synod with a beautifully illuminated address expressing appreciation of the encouragement given by him and Lady Victoria and family to all religious work, and praying for his safe voyage and happy return.

The Life of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, has now been published, and is a large and very interesting volume. It is written by his son, Mr. A. W. W. Dale, Fellow and tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Mr. Dale, like his father, is a strong Nonconformist, and occasionally takes part in the services of the Congregational church where he worships at Cambridge.

Lord Halifax is writing long letters to the *Record* advocating a conference between Evangelicals and Ritualists; but the view of the Evangelicals seems to be that a conference would be futile.

Dr. Moule tells the following story: "What is your opinion of the Anglo-Roman schism?" asked an examining chaplain, some few years ago, in an ordination-paper. A student of Dr. Moule's, one of the candidates, asked him, very innocently, what event was referred to. He had never heard of it. It was explained that some called it the Reformation.

A Church mission has been held in Birmingham, and it is reported that the results were encouraging, especially in the "Churches identified with full Catholic teaching." One missionary asked every person present in the congregation who had already made up his mind that the mission should be the occasion of some new effort made for Christ's sake to declare himself or herself by coming up to the altar rail during the singing of a hymn in order to receive a small cross and ribbon to be worn at all the mission services, and at other times, as a public testimony that

John Kennaway and the Rev. H. E. Fox expressed the good wishes of the committee, and Dr. Weldon replied in cordial terms. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum was to receive on Wednesday a small deputation from the committee in regard to the proposed medical mission to Khartoum.

The Empress-Dowager of China is not a nice old lady. According to a Chinese "reformer," now under British protection, she is in the habit of misappropriating public money. Large sums were allotted for the building of a navy and the construction of railways, but when some money had been spent for these purposes, the Empress-

## ANDREW MARVELL'S COTTAGE AT HIGHGATE.

The proposal now under the London County Council's consideration to erect a brass tablet at Highgate on the site of Andrew Marvell's cottage has reminded Dr. Newman Hall that he lodged in the cottage for a few weeks in December 1856. At that time he took a sketch of the building, which is reproduced on this page. The position proposed for the tablet is on the boundary wall of Waterlow Park next Highgate Hill. The following inscription has been suggested: "Four feet below this spot is the stone step formerly the entrance to the cottage in which lived Andrew Marvell, sometime M.P. for Hull, and Latin Under-Secretary to Oliver Cromwell, patriot, poet, wit, and satirist. Born March 31, 1621. Died Aug. 18, 1673. He was buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields. This memorial brass was placed here by the London County Council November 1898."



ANDREW MARVELL'S COTTAGE AT HIGHGATE.

From a Sketch by Dr. Newman Hall.

Dowager diverted the balance to the embellishment of her gardens. "Il faut cultiver notre jardin," said Candide, summing up the philosophy of happiness. It must be admitted that the Empress-Dowager carries this excellent principle rather too far. Then she is fond of making the young Emperor drunk at cards, when his passion for reform becomes inconvenient. If Mrs. Gamp had been born in the Chinese purple or introduced into it by imperial favour, she would have been very like the Empress-Dowager.

All habitual "diners out" must have been struck with the change which has come over society in regard to the matter of beverages. Champagne is the popular drink, light hocks also, and both these are by many persons freely diluted with Apollinaris water. At the table d'hôte of any first-class hotel it is remarkable how many of the male guests may be seen drinking whisky and Apollinaris, while the ladies often drink Apollinaris only. The well-known trade-mark of this excellent natural water may be seen by nearly every plate. At public dinners the same

neighbourhood is rising quickly in value. Mandalay is picturesquely situated on the river Irawadi, and is the one town in Burma which travellers in search of the interesting never fail to visit. It is surrounded by a crenellated wall, 25 ft. high, and built in a square, each side being a mile long. In the centre stand the former palaces of King Theebaw, whose ill-treatment of British subjects led to the third Burmese War, in 1886, and the annexation of Upper Burma. The palaces are built of teak wood, richly carved, and are enclosed by three stone walls. However, the most famous building in Mandalay is the Aracan Pagoda, which contains a brazen image of Buddha 12 ft. high. This pagoda is surrounded by four hundred and sixty smaller ones. From the hill overlooking the valley where they stand clustered together, can be seen in the distance the mountains which separate this part of Upper Burma from Chinese territory. When the English took possession, in 1886, many of the dirty, overcrowded native streets were cleared away in order to make room for the British Cantonment. On the whole, Mandalay



Photograph by E. Boyd Cook

THE NEW RAILWAY FROM RANGOON TO MANDALAY: VIEW OF MANDALAY, WITH THE FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY PAGODAS SURROUNDING THE ARACAN PAGODA.

they were servants of the Crucified. So many flocked up that the supply of crosses ran short. A second consignment of crosses was accordingly ordered, and the manufacturer's stock being exhausted, many are now awaiting a further delivery.

Dr. Weldon, the Bishop-Designate of Calcutta, has been welcomed by the Church Missionary Society. Sir

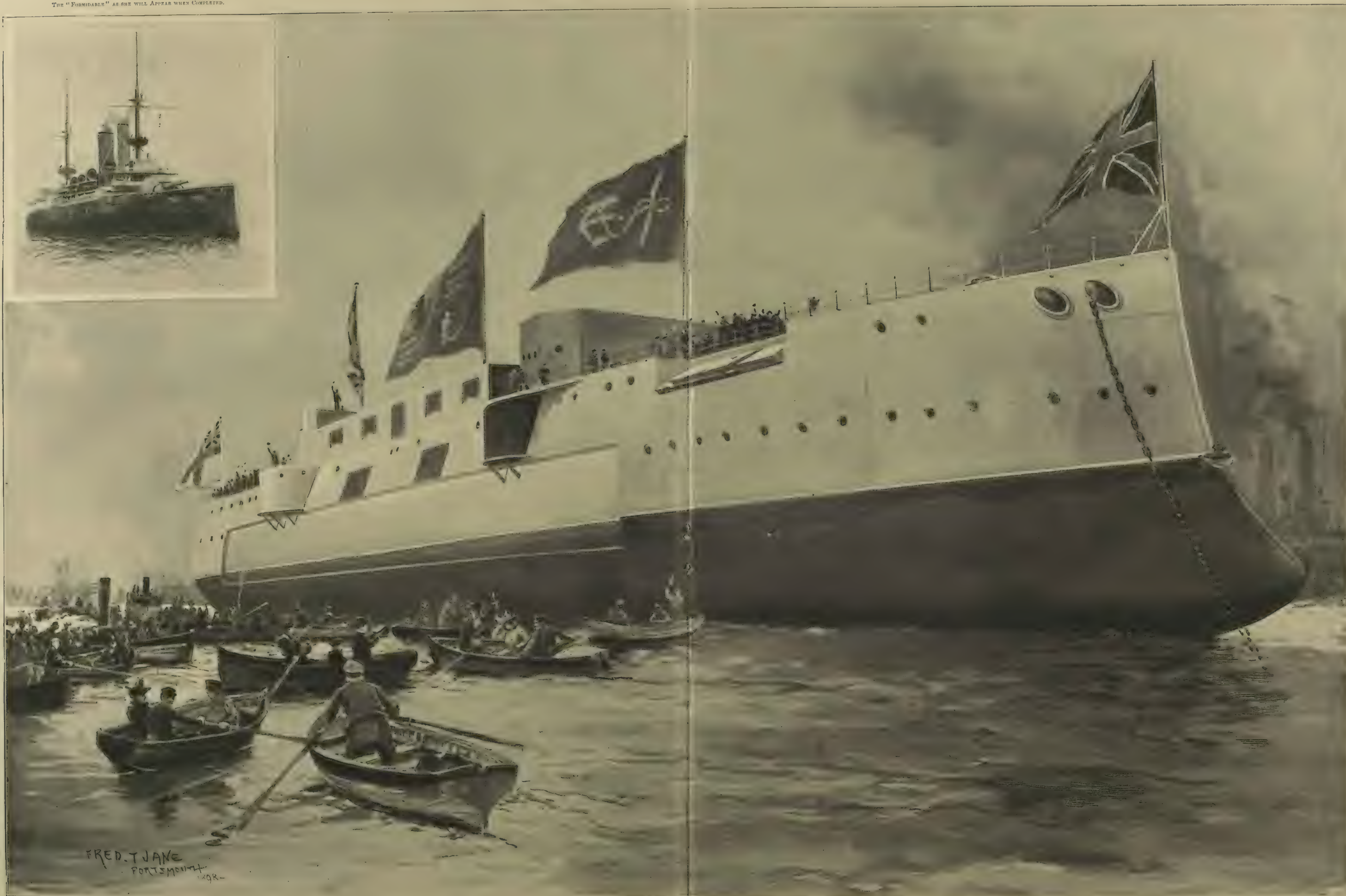
change in the drinking habits of the guests is even more marked. Since the introduction of those pure and wholesome waters, of which Apollinaris is the type, one of the first things the intelligent and careful guest looks for now when he sits down to dinner is a bottle of Apollinaris. He knows it will correct anything in the wine that needs correction, and it will protect him from dyspeptic troubles.

ranks as healthy. So does Rangoon, excepting when rain comes at the wrong time—namely, during the hot season; then two hours' rain brings illness in its train.

Burmese women play an important part in the country, and are decidedly advanced in their ideas on some points. Married women generally have property of their own—either land, which they manage themselves, or houses of business, where they earn a separate income.



THE "FORMIDABLE" AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.



FRED. T. JANE  
PORTSMOUTH 1898

THE LAUNCH OF OUR BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP, H.M.S. "FORMIDABLE" THE VESSEL AS SHE APPEARED AFTER LEAVING THE WAYS.



## EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Ratepayers are not often anxious to spend a million and a half of money; but if the establishment of public slaughter-houses in London is to cost the County Council even that enormous sum, there will be few disinterested ratepayers to say it nay. The protest, indeed, of the butchers, who prefer private slaughter-houses, will only increase the zeal of the reformer; for it indicates that the rules suggested by sanitation and by any possible regard that can be paid to the suffering of the doomed beast are irksome, and that, in other words, they are not now enforced in shambles of the individual citizen.

The usefulness of the rocket life-saving apparatus has been once more emphasised during the recent shipwrecks, and this fact lends especial interest to the accompanying photograph, forwarded to us by a correspondent, of rocket-practice on the Skagerrack, Jutland. The photograph, which is, of course, instantaneous, has caught both line and smoke with wonderful sharpness, and is further instructive as showing how far the rocket had travelled during the second's exposure.

The gift of newspapers to the sick is a recognised act of goodwill among citizens or countrymen; but it seems to have its risks when it is exercised between the peoples of two countries. M. Forain, at any rate, in a cartoon in the *Figaro*, puts a most sinister interpretation on the Sirdar's gift of newspapers to Major Marchand at Fashoda. "How can we discourage this brave fellow?" the Sirdar is made to say to an English clergyman, who replies: "By reading to him a few French papers." The cartoon has come



THE "BLUEJACKET" ASHORE NEAR THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE.

under the eyes of Major Marchand, who has addressed the artist, though a stranger, by the title of "friend," because "in the penetrating keenness of your vision our common patriotisms touch." And then the Major tells the cartoonist that ten months had passed since any French or English paper had reached Fashoda, when, forty-eight hours after the battle of Omdurman, the Sirdar sent, "undoubtedly with a praiseworthy motive"—we are glad to see the Major interjects—"a collection of English and French papers for which we had not ventured to ask, but which we received with gratitude." The result was a grief, but a grief, after all, which they might a little longer have avoided, but could not finally avert. The Major's own record is the best: "One hour after we opened the French sheets the ten French officers were trembling with weeping." The re-opening of the Dreyfus affair, "with its horrible campaign of infamies," was the cause. For thirty-six hours not one of those French officers was able to say one word to the others; and that is what the Major thanks the cartoonist's "great soul of proud patriotism" for having divined. Very well; but the ungenerous interpretation put upon the Englishman's motives in giving the newspapers might and certainly ought to have been spared.

The prospective rise in land, which has been mentioned as offering a new opening for Mr. Hooley's financial genius, has received a flat physical contradiction at Northwich. On November 15 the inhabitants of the good town were alarmed by the sudden

subsidence of a portion of the London main road. The road is built on timber, and when the subsidence once began, it shortly—within an hour, in fact—became impassable. Buildings were thrown fully four feet off the perpendicular, and water, gas, and electric supply was interrupted. The area of the depression extends to about forty yards, and is nine feet deep in the centre. The cavity thus formed is filled with water. Great fissures have appeared in two buildings, which have had to be stayed with bolts and timber.



PRACTICE WITH THE ROCKET APPARATUS AT SKAGERRACK, JUTLAND.

An Instantaneous Photograph by a Correspondent.

in dock has the protective privileges of the workman upon shore. It would not seem a great stage further to declare a man-of-war, which is one great mass of machinery, to be a factory too; and then a Government might indeed be astonished at the bill, in the shape of compensation claims, after a naval battle.

The tale of shipwrecks upon our coasts, which has been so lengthy during the past month, is still growing. This week we illustrate the singular stranding of the steamship *Bluejacket*, which went ashore, on the night of Nov. 9, on the rocks under Longships Lighthouse, off the Cornish coast. The *Bluejacket* was bound from Plymouth to Cardiff in ballast. She is of 2090 tons burden. The Longships Lighthouse is on a small island one and a quarter miles west of Land's End. How the vessel ran aground is a mystery somewhat akin to that of the *Mohegan*. Our photographs are by Mr. G. H. Coles, Land's End.



THE STRANDED STEAMER "BLUEJACKET" VIEWED STEM-ON.



THE EXTRAORDINARY LAND SUBSIDENCE AT NORTHWICH.

Photograph by Alfred Leamy, Northwich.

When Abdul Hamid is at the other end of the telegraph not even coal-merchants can hope to score. The Sultan's business ability has received another handsome testimonial in the incident reported from Palestine. It appears that the Turkish ships escorting the *Hohenzollern* arrived at Beirut with empty bunkers, and the Turkish Admiral at once gave a large order to a local coal-merchant, who, like the Pie-man in the nursery rhyme, desired first to see the colour of his customer's money. The local exchequer at Beirut had been already exhausted by the Kaiser's welcome; the Admiral, being a Turkish Admiral, could not very well be expected to foot the bill out of his pay. But a telegram from Abdul Hamid brought relief from the impasse. A coal-merchant is, after all, but human. Who would not give credit till Doomsday for an Order and the title of Pasha? So the ships were coaled.



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## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day last week our esteemed contemporary the *Daily Telegraph* published a very comforting paragraph from its Paris correspondent, proving as it did most conclusively that the bitter feeling engendered by Fashola was not proof against the dictates of English fashion with regard to masculine apparel. "Persons who were formerly known as 'couperchies' and 'gommeux' are now known as 'smarts,' . . . and up to one o'clock in the afternoon all good male 'smarts' should wear short jackets, small bows, coloured shirts, and fancy pantaloons." Thus wrote the correspondent, professing reproducing the regulations as laid down by the papers catering for "la haute gomme."

The part of the information relating to the jacket is personally interesting to me, both from a chronological and social point of view, for it not only reminds me that next month it will be forty-three years since I saw that essentially English garment for the first time on the back of a Frenchman, but that it became the cause of a cordial friendship between the wearer and myself. He was the author of "La Pétite Humaine," and the handsomest man in Paris. At that period Frenchmen, and especially the Paris tailors, were desperately fighting against Napoleon the Third's "Anglomaniac" in the matter of English apparel for men. They did not mind adopting English fabrics for trousers, but they refused to abandon their ridiculous frock-coats with short and very wide skirts, tightly pinched at the waist. One paper went as far as to hint that the Emperor, in thus introducing English masculine fashions, which up to then had practically been confined to the *redingote*—read "riding-coat"—was not actuated by his own predilections, but was simply paying a debt of gratitude to some of the foremost London tailors to whom he was under obligations for their kindness to him during his exile.

The surmise was probably correct, for Louis Napoleon was gratitude personified. This great quality on the part of their sovereign ought to have bred some tolerance in the minds of the opponents of the English jacket; the contrary was the case. When Jules Noriac appeared in it at the *Café des Variétés*, there was a downright hullabaloo. It was derided and spurned by everyone except a little lad of less than thirteen, who was often taken to the café by his relatives, two old bachelors. The little lad who lives to tell the tale to-day is the writer of these lines. I boldly went up to Noriac and asked for the address of his tailor. He at first thought that I was attempting to make fun of him, but when he saw that I was in earnest he gave me the address. A week later I, too, wore a jacket; since then, as a man and a boy, I have scarcely worn any other shaped garment. That was the beginning of my friendship with Noriac, which lasted until the day of his death. A couple of months after Noriac's appearance the Emperor himself donned a jacket; it did not prevent a very curious nickname being bestowed upon it—so curious that I dare not even write it in French. It bears that nickname up to the present day.

There is another passage in the correspondent's information more valuable as a sidelight on the history of men's dress. The "smarts" are also strictly warned against wearing black neckties with evening dress; "for such articles, unless worn at home, *en famille*, in the closest intimacy of domestic life, spell ruin for the reputation of the most distinguished 'smart.'"

When Lord Malmesbury—then Lord Fitz-Harris—first went to Rome, in 1829, there was a great deal of dining out and some balls. Having just come from England, where George IV. made black satin cravats, then called "waterfalls," *de rigueur* at his Court, Lord Fitz-Harris naturally went to M. de Chateaubriand's (the French Ambassador) in one of these, and was desired to change it for a white one. Other Englishmen who had worn similar cravats, and had been warned likewise, were very angry, and refused to comply with the request of the Ambassador; they believed that their King was infallible on the subject of dress, and he had declared that a man in a white neckcloth must be a dentist.

There is a second piece of evidence against the dislike of white neckcloths in England at that time. One of the chapters of Edmund Yates's "Recollections and Experiences" contains the following: "This was the first season (1847) of the Royal Italian Opera House, into which old Covent Garden had been metamorphosed. It may be said, generally, that Her Majesty's was supported by the older, the Royal Italian by the younger section of opera-goers; and I remember it was the fashion of the younger men to wear, in evening dress, black ties, in contrast to the large double-folded white cravats which were *de rigueur* at the Haymarket house."

So George the Fourth's dictum was already disregarded then by the elder men. While Mr. Yates was revising that particular chapter in proof he happened to receive a letter from Captain Dawson Damer. "I have lost an old friend in Hayward," the epistle said. "I only heard from him a short time ago; it was in regard to 'white ties.' I asked him when they came into fashion. He replied: One night about 1850 (?), about the very last night of Vauxhall, the elder Miss Berry, aged eighty-five, Horace Walpole's flame, asked me to escort her there, and she suddenly, on entering the Gardens, looked at my white tie, and she said to me, 'The last time I was here, I came with Beau Brummel, who wore a white neckcloth for the first time, and it attracted much notice, and there rose an inquiry whether B. B. had taken orders.'"

The Chemical Society honoured six of its past presidents recently with a dinner, at which Professor Dewar presided. They were Sir J. H. Gilbert, Sir E. Frankland, Professor Odling, Sir Frederick Abel, Dr. A. W. Williamson, and Dr. J. H. Gladstone, all Fellows of the Society for half a century past; Lord Lister, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Michael Foster, and other scientific men were present.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Many parents, I doubt not, have been reading a letter recently published in the *Times* on the results of the medical examination of one hundred boys about to enter on public-school life. The letter is signed "M.D.," and details the writer's experiences in an entirely independent fashion. I mean that "M.D." was not commissioned by anybody to undertake the examination of the hundred boys, but resolved to discover, as an interesting piece of research, the physical condition of the lads at a time of life when they may be supposed, in some degree, to have had their physical constitution duly outlined. The ages of the boys varied between thirteen and fifteen years, and as regards their condition, might be described as healthy lads. The mere fact of their passing into public-school life would alone suggest that their physical condition must have been ostensibly satisfactory; for no parent would send to school any lad suffering from an obvious ailment, nor would the school-doctor pass such a pupil into the ranks of the institution. The results of "M.D.'s" observations become of great interest to us, for the reason that, apparently, beneath the guise and outward and manifest signs of perfect health, we are liable to discover conditions which reflect somewhat on the early training of the body.

The first item which strikes us as significant is the large percentage of lads who exhibited some defect or other of the skeleton. Sixty-three of them showed deformities varying from curvature of the spine, of the lateral type, to flat foot, pigeon breast, and bow-leggedness. Perhaps one need not lay a great deal of stress on the flat-footed condition, nor even on lateral curvature of the spine, for I believe few persons can boast of a spine that is wholly and perfectly symmetrical. But leg deformities and the pigeon-breasted state are probably due to inherent weakness or to faulty development, and, as such, are states that more rigid attention to the physical evolution of the child might be supposed to correct. I suspect medical men will tell us that the proper care of the infant body is not too frequently represented even in the homes of well-to-do folks. Infants are mostly coddled and cribbed at the period when they delight to use their limbs, and to sprawl about in the enjoyment of their budding muscularity. I remember an old doctor's saying that a soft mattress laid on the floor was the natural playground for the young child, and if the investigations we are discussing teach anything, it is that in the early stages of human development greater attention should be paid to the child's exercise than is usually bestowed upon it.

In respect of the perfection of the senses of the 100 boys, it was found that nine of them showed defects of hearing, and twenty defects of sight, one being colour-blind. This latter state is, of course, an original and not an acquired one, and depends on the defective development of certain of the essential structures of the retina. Of the other and ordinary sight weaknesses, a certain proportion would also have to be reckoned with, no doubt, as being of hereditary nature, but it is different with the ear. In many cases the ear is damaged by the carelessness of the parent or nurse. After fevers, for instance, ear troubles are not uncommon in children, and parents are apt to neglect such troubles until the ear is hopelessly damaged. Early attention to such cases on the part of an ear surgeon would result in the saving of many a child's hearing-powers, and this alone is a lesson of much import from the parental standpoint. There is a statement made by "M.D." which will prove of special interest to medical men. Out of the hundred boys, twenty-two exhibited a condition which showed that there was imperfect assimilation of the nitrogenous elements in the food. Now, in certain phases of adult life, this state would indicate a serious ailment, but in other cases it is known to be of temporary nature only, and possibly, in the boys, the condition referred to may partake of this latter character.

Taking the height of the boys, it was noted that thirty-nine were below the average (calculated relatively to the age), while the chest-measurement was above the normal in twenty-four, while in sixty-eight it was below it. Fifty-two boys, however, were over the average height. With regard to weight, forty were above the average and fifty-three under the standard. Naturally, the critic would demand in the case of height and weight measurements to know the standard of comparison which had been selected as the criterion, but probably the figures which have been supplied in the case of "M.D.'s" hundred examples give us a fairly clear notion of the variations that are to be noted in lads drawn from the same rank of life, and on whose nourishment and general upbringing a large amount of care has been expended. The obvious points included in the considerations which the letter of "M.D." is bound to suggest are: First, that attention to the physical development of the child is a matter not to be limited by any means to the period when the boy or girl leaves home for school, but one which should be undertaken and supervised practically from birth onwards. The nursery is the real school in which the physical conformation, if it be not largely determined, is at least powerfully affected; and mothers and nurses, it is clear, cannot afford to neglect the precepts on this head, with which manuals devoted to the exposition of the hygiene of infancy are largely concerned.

A second point of importance in the discussion refers to the influence of public-school life on the developing bodies of boys. I believe the average girl has become a new creature since the establishment in schools of proper gymnasia, and since lawn-tennis, cycling, and other exercises have become part and parcel of her life. Well may it be so; and for growing lads public-school life, with its regulated games and exercises, must tell favourably on bodies that demand an increase of muscular and other forms of development. We cannot afford to allow young Britain to grow up pigeon-breasted or bow-legged; and from the wise and judicious application of the principles of regulated exercise we may hope for excellent results in making the nation of the future.



## LITERATURE.

## THE STORY OF CHITRAL.\*

It is difficult to imagine the kind of person who could read this brilliant book without emotion. The glory of action is to the Englishman perhaps the greater glory; but there is beyond it that pride of personality which leads to enduring memories of our great men and to a recognition of them which is undoubtedly as real as anything in the national character. For my part, I read this story of Chitral and was moved, not so much by acts which have made its pages possible, but by that unostentatious confession of character and heroism which is breathed in every line of the narrative. There are deeds here which would move Latin races to rhapsodies of joy—everyday acts of bravery, manifestations of the love and pluck of comradeship such as I have found recorded in no recent work—and yet Sir George Robertson will not permit himself to dwell upon them, but passes them by with that momentary thankfulness for the unchangeable qualities of the Englishman and for the luck which gave to him such officers as Baird and Harley and Townshend, and, above all, Gurdon, that master of courage and of silence. These men, and none braver than him who led them, laughed at death daily for many months; yet did not know that they laughed. Away there in the desolate mountain land, under the very "roof of the world," there could be no inspiring impulse other than the impulse of their own hearts and courage. They stood, as it were, in a square, half-a-dozen against a nation, each man for his neighbour and not for himself, unselfish, devoted, weary never, looking for no applause nor deeming that they were worthy of applause. The fuller light of a greater campaign would have blazoned their names on those scrolls of popularity which are read even in the music-halls and the evening papers. If in the end they came to these honours, be it set down to him who thus can write of them generously, affectionately, because they were his comrades, but chiefly because they were Englishmen.

The story of a fort—that is the story of the book. There are no monstrous animals here, unless it be human animals; no islands, nor even an unknown people. Full well Sir George knew the truth about Chitral before his destiny carried him there. A land of mountain and snow; the "roof of the world" shutting the world out; a gay, merry, treacherous people; for rulers, the despots styled "Mehtars"; constitution, such as can keep the knife from the throat or the bullet from the heart. No trouble in Chitral while the grand old rascal Amán-ul-Mulk could murder his relatives and butcher his friends, and shed tears abundant as rain upon their rotting corpses. He was the father of scoundrels, and when he died there was none with his mind or his tears or his ready knife that left him no enemies to pray for. So it came about that many schemed, and brothers hired first murderers to deal with brothers, and the old rogue of Kabul tried to have a hand in it, and Umra Khán, the gentleman of generals, turned his eyes that way, and there were weaklings and boys upon the throne, if throne it might be called—and finally anarchy came round with fiery steps, and the Government of India put on its thinking-cap and saw that Chitral was not good and sent its soldiers there.

For a little war in India several things are necessary. First, you must have your tribal disturbance; then your agent must go down and see what it is all about. You caution your agent, knowing well that he will be murdered; and when he is murdered, you say, "I told you so." After that, you must provide a massacre on a small scale. People at home begin to talk; the Government of India grows restless; Lord George Hamilton bangs his despatch-box; the newspapers warn special correspondents; and a little war is the final outcome. By-and-by, gallant deeds will be done; Scotch colonels will wave their swords from the pages of the illustrated papers; Barnum and Bailey will run the thing with gunpowder and five hundred niggers who die for fourpence a night; and the whole story is finished. Behind it all lie the deeds of the Robertsons, the Campbells, the Bairds, the Townshends, the Gurdons. When a genius fit to write of the subject is at hand, the story remains immortal—as this story of Chitral must be because of the book we read. All that is tawdry, all that is for the circus, has been forgotten long ago. No theatre claims our interest but this theatre of snows and gorges. We live with the devoted little band in the fort during the seven weary weeks of siege, and no record of adventure, true or false, can strike so truly that note of pathos which is enduring. Life or death! The pendulum swings mockingly from hour to hour and day to day. The mere writer of romance hides his head

in shame. If he could have imagined a situation such as this, what editions he would have sold! A little band in a little stone prison-house, yelling hordes everywhere about it, no certainty that any force was coming to its aid, no hope beyond the walls but hope of its own courage. And side by side with it the story of Fowler and Edwards—two men walking hand in hand with death for days and weeks together, to come at last, disguised beyond recognition, to the Englishmen's camp. Set these things down with a common pen, and they will not make a newspaper report. But write them as Sir George Robertson has written them, and they are annals for all time, a testimony imperishable to the grit and the heart of those who made the story.

And this is the unavoidable conclusion: that we are face to face with a great book—a book as great as any we can remember in the whole history of campaigns. And it is a book which speaks of the best things: the courage of men, the affectionate unselfishness of great hearts, and of the just pride of Englishmen in those who have served their country even as these heroes of Chitral.—MAX PEMBERTON.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Intruders.* By L. B. Walford. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)

*The Duenna of a Genius.* By M. E. Francis. (Harper Brothers.)

*Hero and Heroine. The Story of a First Year at School.* By Ascott R. Hope. With Illustrations by A. Hitchcock. (Adam and Charles Black.)

*Hermy.* By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. (W. and R. Chambers.)

Mrs. L. B. Walford is not, perhaps, at her best in "The Intruders," whose middle-aged hero is tantalised in his youth by seeing his fiancée married to another before his eyes, and in his maturity by hearing of the death of this lady's husband the very day before his marriage to a silly girl, for whom he cared nothing and who cared little for



THE BUFFS CROSSING THE LOWARI PASS.

Reproduced from "Chitral" (Methuen and Co.)

him. However, the death of this butterfly in her confinement sets the elderly widower free to marry his old and only love—the elderly widow.

The genius of Mrs. M. E. Francis's charming story, "The Duenna of a Genius," is like all that tribe, "gay ill to live with"; but if she was trying, she was greatly tried. Her sister, the duenna, was tried yet more cruelly by fortune and by the genius herself, but her troubles, which are told with much power and pathos, served only to bring out the nobleness of her character, as fire brings out the sweet and sacred scent of incense. Her greatest trial of all is the marriage of the genius to a genius—"whose loving voyage," *pace* Mrs. Francis, was, we feel assured, like Touchstone's, "but for two months victualled"—but on the deserted duenna's return to her desolate lodgings she finds awaiting her there a love more worthy of her—altogether worthy of her—and she is thus indemnified for all the wretchedness and rewarded for all the heroism of her past life. Mrs. Francis has done as yet nothing better than this.

Mr. Ascott R. Hope has also, we think, surpassed himself in his stirring boys' story, "Hero and Heroine"; while Mrs. Molesworth, in her sweet little girls' story, "Hermy," has at least done herself ample justice. The hero and heroine of Mr. Hope's tale are the brother and sister whom the teller of the story idolised at school. There is no hero-worship so intense as a boy's, and therefore, as Thackeray says, the greatest of men, speaking relatively, is the head boy at school. Mr. Hope has laid most stress upon this boy-worship in his admirable story, but the other feelings and phases of school life are also spiritedly and humorously described.

As for "Hermy," it is a fascinating story of the trials and troubles of a charming little child who was persistently misunderstood, mortified, and ill-used by her unsympathetic aunts and teachers. The humour and pathos of "Hermy" rank it high among Mrs. Molesworth's children's library of charming books.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The cheap book is certainly with us. Messrs. Macmillan will publish in a few days, at the price of one shilling, "A Fleet in Being"—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume. The book, of course, is composed of the articles which created so much attention on their recent appearance in the *Morning Post*.

A great book-publication venture is in prospect. It has been arranged between one of the most important of our newspaper proprietors and one of the well-known publishing houses. It will certainly eclipse in its widespread influence all newspaper efforts at spreading literature that have so far been attempted in this country.

I understand that Mr. William Heinemann has told several of his friends that he considers "The Open Question: a Tale of Two Temperaments," by C. E. Raimond, quite the most powerful book that he has ever issued. That is a strange claim, by the light of the many translations from foreign authors that Mr. Heinemann has given us. To me, Mathilde Serao's "Phantasy" and Franzos's "Chief Justice" are far more striking books, and Turgenev's novels, of which Mr. Heinemann has just published the twelfth volume, are incomparably superior. These have genius, whereas C. E. Raimond, although a singularly able writer, as every reader of "George Mandeville's Husband" knows full well, has really not the slightest spark of that incommunicable fire. She—I believe that "C. E. Raimond" belongs to the growing army of women writers—has, undoubtedly, power of observation and much experience of life. "The Open Question" tells a story of a girl of the old Southern race, who spends her life in one of the Middle States of America. It tells the story, also, of her cousin Ethan Gano, an interesting character.

The main proposition of "The Open Question" is the right of cousins to marry, and particularly when there has been consumption in the family for generations—a sufficiently disagreeable topic, and only justifiable in fiction when treated in a convincing manner. C. E. Raimond is not convincing. She depicts two young people in love with one another, but kept at a distance by the recognition that consumption has decimated their race. Finally, in a gust of passion, they decide to have one year of married happiness and then to die together. The core of the matter—that they had a perfect right to marry but had no right to have children—is not once touched upon, and yet it would be frankly recognised by everyone to-day who is called in to advise in similar cases. If the writer had even placed the doomed pair under circumstances of poverty and world-pain, it might have helped to conviction; but the girl is full of the joy of living, delighted with the beauty of the world, and her husband is a millionaire. There were, apparently, splendid possibilities before them both, and no one who reads the book will accept the ultimate suicide as in the least degree convincing.

C. E. Raimond has attempted too much. If she had limited her book to the vivid presentation of Sarah Gano, with her old-world ideals, who destroys her daughter Valaria's life by conventionality and then is brought into conflict with the other Valaria, her granddaughter, the book would have had a sufficient motive. Even then it would not have been as good as Mrs. Atherton's "Californians," with which it has points in common. As it is, the story is ruined by the obvious influence of Annunzio's "Triumph of Death"—a far better book. And in working up its "theory" the author sacrifices art at every turn to her scheme, as in the introduction of certain dull speculations on suicide by a Parisian society. For my part I agree with the heroine, Val Gano, concerning novels: "I like plenty of orange-blossoms, not little bits of brain."

At the same moment that the Guild of Women-Binders has issued twenty-five copies of the *Germ*, the organ of the Pre-Raphaelites, a copy—one of four hundred and fifty—comes to me from Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. Perhaps the Guild of Women-Binders has used the sheets of Mr. Mosher's reprint. I am sure they could have produced nothing more beautiful. Mr. Mosher's reprint is the finest thing he has done, and as there is no copyright and no authors with a grievance, this handsomely illustrated book must stand to him for righteousness.

I doubt, however, if Mr. Swinburne will be grateful to Mr. Mosher for the reprint of his "Hephtalegia." This pretty quarto contains parodies of Tennyson, Browning, Walt Whitman, Patmore, Rossetti, Owen Meredith, and of the parodist. The book was published anonymously in 1880. Mr. Swinburne has admitted the authorship, but has always said that he would never republish.—C. K. S.

\* *Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege.* By Sir George Robertson, K.C.S.I. (Methuen and Co.)



## LADIES' PAGES.

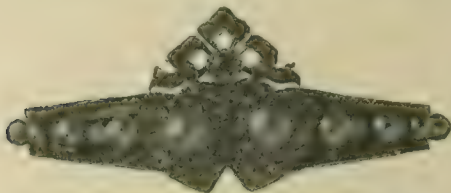
## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

It is not every manufacturer who can be said to cater equally for the millionaire who may wish to give a Christmas present befitting his means, and for the father of many daughters who must bestow some trifle upon each member of his family. This description may be emphatically given to the stock of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. In the truly palatial premises of this firm may be seen, at successive counters, the most superb ornaments imaginable, and the tiniest little brooches or charms at the most moderate prices at which they can



Fine Diamond Necklace.  
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.

possibly be produced in real gold. Take for one illustration a grand necklace of diamonds with a few specimen sapphires set in the midst. The sapphire which forms the centre of the front festoon is of almost matchless quality, the depth and clearness of the blue being indescribably beautiful. The design is of large diamond Louis Quinze bows joined by festoons of diamonds, having a sapphire set in the centre of each. The price of this magnificent ornament is £1850. But while the millionaire is selecting this or another of the numerous equally splendid necklaces or tiaras or brooches that are offered for his choice, the modest paterfamilias at another counter will be equally courteously shown a variety of cheap necklaces set with amethysts, aqua-marines, topazes, and other semi-precious stones at prices ranging from a modest five-pound note. A special necklace for girls has been brought out at that moderate price, consisting of a string of small pearls with a pendant set with tolerably large pearls in the form of either a daisy or a heart. Bright-coloured stones are in fashion just now, and a very charming illustration of them is a necklace in which opals, rubies, and pearls all figure,



Diamond and Pearl Bracelet. — Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.

the opals falling as drops all round a chain which is set alternately with rubies and pearls. Turning to the brooches, there is quite an embarrassment of riches, from the wide Mercury's wings centred by a very large pearl, above which the wings are joined by a true-lovers' knot, to the dainty little diamond coil, of great lustre, which makes a small brooch, from which pliable fringes hang to glitter as the wearer moves. The beautiful design illustrated has diamonds combined with turquoises; in the centre of this ornament one fine diamond stands out; the other clear, flashing stones are arranged in clusters around the blue, which seems to throw up the white light. The other brooch illustrated is an excellent reproduction of one of the best French designs of the last century, for which there is now so great a liking. A diamond buckle as long as the middle finger would be a most desirable luxury, and could be applied just now to innumerable uses: worn at the throat on a jabot of lace with one's furs, or making a centre to the velvet bows in the front of one's hat, or utilised for its obvious purpose of fixing a waist-belt. The bracelet



Fine Diamond and Turquoise Brooch.  
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.

the-box. A charm like a small gold book allows, when the spring is pressed, a small but practical magnifying-glass to jump up at one side, and a little holder for a minute photograph at the other side, the magnifying-glass making the photograph sufficiently large to study. Then there are, in charms, all kinds of "creepy-crawlies," and also many sorts of figures, including an important-looking policeman and the popular poodle. Several presents can be bought out of one five-pound note by inquiring for the tray of safety-pin brooches, which actually begin as low as 12s. for a trefoil of little turquoises, or 18s. for little hearts set all over with pearls and turquoises, while a trefoil of really nice opals set on a

safety-pin can be had for 25s. So it will be seen that the statement with which this paragraph commenced was strictly and literally accurate.

Messrs. Mappin Brothers are showing at 220, Regent Street even more novelties and prettier ones than it is their wont to do at this season. This firm makes a point of bringing out every year a new-shaped cut-glass and silver-mounted scent-bottle for the dressing-table or drawing-room. Among novelties are many articles in the "Queen's Plate," guaranteed to wear as many years as most of us are likely to do ourselves, for which Messrs. Mappin Brothers are famous. A breakfast set has the unique feature of a silver pepper-mill, and has also castors for ordinary pepper, cayenne, sauce, mustard, and salt. A set of glasses for serving ice in are placed on beautifully surfaced silver plates, each glass held in position by a spring in an ingenious manner. For handing round after dinner there are various useful novelties—for instance, in liqueur stands and glasses. There is an excellent after-dinner coffee-set, consisting of a plated tray with white china cups and saucers, a glass dish to hold the cigars, sugar and cream in white china set in plated rings at one end, and two liqueur-bottles with appropriate glasses down the centre. There are also separate and very pretty little cigar and cigarette dishes to hand round the table. Novel ways of opening to save the indolent fingers are applied to various articles. There is a very engaging preserve-dish which has a receptacle on each side, the lids both turning back together as the upright handle is drawn down. Then there are chateleine notebooks which open of themselves as soon as the pencil is drawn out. Cigar-cases and card-cases also are to



Lock-up Spirit Bottle  
Mappin Brothers



Solid Silver Louis Chased Mirror. — Mappin Brothers.

be seen here which open by pressure on a spring with the finger and thumb as the case is held in the hand, the top flying back to reclose the moment the pressure is released. A pretty little novelty for a violinist is a small round box to hold new strings, decorated on its silver top with appropriate musical device. In these war-like times one may like to obtain a Lee-Metford cartridge-case or a Palsner shell in most natural colours, but containing nothing more formidable than pen and pencil; or a pocket revolver-case in silver which opens at one end to show the peaceful cigar and an amber mouthpiece, while at the other end the harmless matches are concealed. Photograph-frames and mirrors are in endless variety; a magnificent present would be a beautiful mirror with a Louis frame in solid silver, mounted upon the darkest blue velvet, which we illustrate. A novelty which is having a great success is the subject of another illustration—namely, a lock-up spirit-bottle in cut glass, the fittings which protect the contents being in silver; the stopper is locked on merely closing by a spring, but can then only be released with the appropriate key. A pretty and useful trifle is our third illustration, a pen-wiper resembling a door-mat brush, mounted upon a slab of Connemara marble, and having a silver pen-holder standing upright in the midst. Needless to enumerate the chased silver fruit-dishes, and trays, and vases, some in solid silver and some in the equally good-looking "Queen's Plate"; or the bags, the pin-cushions, the card-boxes, the ash-trays, the stamp-boxes, and innumerable other charming presents. Whatever a silversmith's of the highest class should contain will assuredly be found at Mappin Brothers, together with originality.



Pen Brush and Holder.  
Mappin Brothers.

In the City where the money is made there is also a special appreciation of its value, and the wise are aware that they

will nowhere obtain better returns for their expenditure than at Sir John Bennett's famous shop at 65, Cheapside. Celebrated all over the world during a long course of years for its watches and clocks, Sir John Bennett's firm has of late applied its energies to giving equal value and established excellence in the jewellery department, which is now replete with articles of the best taste, and worthy to be worn either amongst the many brilliant adornments

that always shine at the court of the civic queen, or at the West-End Court of her Gracious Majesty, Sir John Bennett's will always be the home par excellence of watches and clocks. The variety of the goods on show is boundless, and ranges from tiny little decorated and jewelled watches the size of a shilling, that are at once



Three-Quarter Plate Half-Chronometer.  
Sir John Bennett.

an ornament for the corsage and good timekeepers, up to the solid, substantial chronographs and half-chronometers, the price of which runs to £200 and £250. A magnificent piece of workmanship is that illustrated. It is what is known as a "three-quarter plate half-chronometer jewelled in rubies"; it forms a perpetual calendar, while the dial that has the seconds hand gives the phase of the moon; moreover, it is a repeater. This truly magnificent timekeeper can be had at from £75 to £100. There are gentlemen's watches made unusually thin to wear with dress suits; and chronographs to stop at any given second without in any way interfering with the performance of the watch. One of the newest of the bracelet watches is set in a handsome solid curb-chain pattern, from which the watch can be removed when wished and hung upon a pendant, two extra pieces of curb being supplied to then fit into the bracelet. The excellent plan is followed here of placing a



Mercury Wings. — Sir John Bennett.

large selection of stones of each kind in one case, the price marked in plain figures, so that, given some ideas as to what stone you desire to possess or present, you can make your choice without difficulty. Thus a beautiful stand of opals is placed before you; then, again, a stand of sapphires comes, all arranged as brooches, or as rings, or as bracelets, the variety of designs being great, and all charming. A remarkably pretty brooch has three clusters of pearls with a nice diamond in the centre of each, placed upon fine triple bars of gold with two little diamonds between the clusters, like rests in music between the great semibreves. There is a fashion just now for large rings, and here are some very fine table-set rings—that is, a large, flat, oblong stone surrounded by diamonds, the centre gem being in the one case a flawless emerald, and in another a sapphire of fine colour. The pretty little ornament illustrated—the two Mercury's wings centred by a large fine stone and having a coronet above—is excellent value at £22, and is worn either as a brooch or as a head ornament at pleasure, being supplied with both fittings.

Messrs. Drew's fine establishment at Piccadilly Circus is one of those places where, if one were invited in to choose a Christmas present, one would desire without particularising to take the entire collection! The taste of every article is perfect, and the stock is of a very high-class and fine description; many of the goods, too, are quite unique, and not to be obtained elsewhere. Of course the leading speciality at Messrs. Drew's is the fitted dressing and travelling bags, which are of such worldwide fame that orders are received for them from the Courts of the whole of Europe; indeed, on the very day of my visit a royal Princess of a German house and the Empress of Russia had both sent in orders, which were duly shown to me. Messrs. Drew make a great point of every portion of their bags, outside and fittings, being prepared in their own Hatton Garden factory, entirely by British workmen. A splendid dressing-bag for a lady has just been finished in green morocco, with the fittings in solid gold and tortoiseshell; many of the fittings are of a special make. There is a gentleman's bag in crocodile, with fittings of silver and brushes in particularly beautiful and massive ivory. Each of these bags approaches £200 in price. There is an extremely nice lady's case for £27 10s., with hammered silver tops to the fittings and a good space in the centre for jewel-cases and so on. The dressing-bags begin actually as low as £7 10s., this price being a new introduction, and suitable for young ladies' school or travelling use. Turning from the many designs of these beautiful dressing-bags and cases, we see another speciality.



Lady's Wallet Purse.  
Drew and Sons.



# THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKSTANDS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH WARINGS.

It was hardly to be expected that the entry of the *Times* into the ranks of the furniture-dealers would go unnoticed. The *Times*, having brought out a special revolving bookstand to hold its reissue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," became thereby a direct competitor with English manufacturing houses. There was, moreover, a certain look of cheapness about the bookstand that seemed to be a challenge to the trade. This challenge has been promptly and vigorously taken up by Messrs. Waring, the great furnishers and decorators, of Oxford Street, who have advertised all over the country that they are prepared to go not only one, but several, better than the *Times* in the matter of cheapness. They produce a bookstand at two guineas, which they claim to be not only a better bookstand, as regards quality and manufacture, than that of the *Times* at three pounds, but to be also more artistic in design. I must confess that when I read their advertisement I was curious to know the exact motives which led this important commercial house to come out of its groove, and enter into what seemed to me a rather small competition. There must surely, I thought, be something more than the mere desire to push the sale of a low-priced bookstand. The best solution of the problem appeared to be a visit to the headquarters of the firm, so I took an early opportunity of going to their new galleries in Oxford Street and seeking an interview with one of the men in authority.

I was very courteously received, and introduced to the gentleman who has charge of the sale of the bookstand. It did not require many minutes' stay to convince one that the usual characteristics of a West-End establishment—bustle, noise, confusion, hurry, unintelligent salesmen, etc.—had been superseded by a new system in which quiet force, an "unhasting and unresting" strength of purpose, and a highly intelligent and well informed courtesy were the striking features. My "interviewee" was quite willing to satisfy my curiosity.

"Yes," he said, "we have certainly taken up the challenge thrown down by the *Times*, and although no new departure was involved in our methods of business, yet, judging by the orders we are receiving, it was a very good move. But the object was not, as some people seem to suppose, to have a joust with the leading British journal."

"Will you tell me, then, what it was?"

"Well, we wanted to show that the vast resources at our disposal, of capital, of machinery, and of organised experience, were capable of being utilised in the successful competitive production of small things as well as great.

We have been, as you probably know, victorious in many of the big contracts—that for decorating and furnishing the Carlton Hotel is perhaps the biggest ever placed—and people have an idea that we only concern ourselves with these leviathan enterprises. As a matter of fact, we are like the elephant—we can push along a loaded wagon or we can pick up a pin. This bookstand is the pin."

"A capital illustration," I remarked, "Then, of course, you have extensive factories?"

"The largest and best in the

world. Our Lancaster and Liverpool works are equipped with up-to-date labour-saving machinery, by which we can ensure economical production. Having command of a

and steam sand-papery machines; and most of the work that formerly had to be done by manual labour is now done by the aid of machinery, specially invented for

effective yet cheap production. In a large factory, too, there is always an accumulation of small pieces of wood, the waste, so to speak, from the manufacture of the larger articles. These we utilise in the making of small pieces of furniture. An occasional table, a workstand, a quaint chair, even this revolving bookstand, are to a large extent made with pieces of wood that would otherwise be mere cabinet-maker's waste."

"Your principle is, No waste, then?"

"Exactly. We utilise everything, and that is one secret of our cheapness. Under such conditions we can make beautiful, artistic, and soundly constructed furniture at the very lowest competitive prices. The revolving bookstand is a case in point. It is advertised simply to illustrate what we are doing—what we are capable of doing. The occasion seemed to the directors to be a suitable one for emphasising the point, and driving it home—that Waring's do not confine themselves to the execution of big contracts, but are quite as able to devote their care, their energy, and their artistic resources to the smallest article of household furniture."

"I see. The *Times* is only a peg, in fact, on which you hang your general principle."

"Precisely. The *Times* comes into the market—our special market—and claims to sell a cheap bookstand. We seize the occasion of letting it be known that we can make an article similar to, if not better than, that which the *Times* is selling nearly fifty per cent. dearer. We fear the purchasing public have failed to realise that we are cheap people; that art and style and durability in furniture can be obtained from us at the lowest possible cost; and we are simply utilising this opportunity of placing before them an incontestable object-lesson."

"But are you not turning out the bookstand at an unusually low rate of profit?"

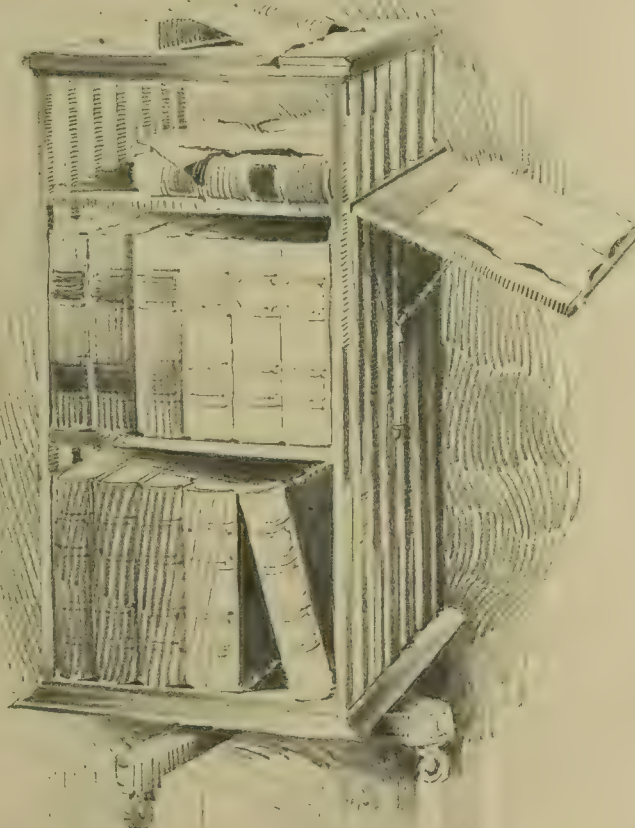
"Certainly not. It is typical of our everyday prices. The advantages I have mentioned enable us to sell all our furniture at similar low rates. We claim that it is, in our opinion, infinitely superior to the American-made bookstands that have hitherto been placed upon the market."

With this clear exposition of Waring's aims I was quite satisfied; but before

leaving I spent a delightful hour, under the guidance of one of the managers, in exploring the beautiful new galleries, which are well stocked with all kinds

of furniture illustrating more or less Waring's principle. It was an hour well employed, for it taught me that the artistic furnishing of the home has been brought by this enterprising house within reach of the very humblest.

One of the illustrations which accompany this interview represents the Waring bookstand. Since it was made, however, it has been decided, as a point adding to the durability, to substitute a wooden for a metal ratchet; and this seems to be an improved principle of construction.



THE TWO-GUINEA "WARING" BOOKSTAND.

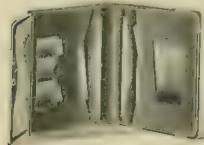
considerable capital, we are able to lay in a stock of the finest timber, and give it plenty of time to become properly seasoned. Then we use steam-saws, steam-planes,



ONE OF WARING AND GILLOW'S FACTORIES AT LANCASTER.



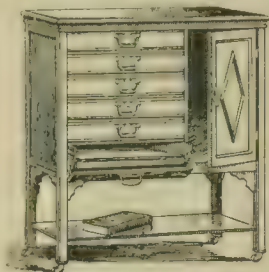
Always a welcome gift to a lady is Drew's "En Route" tea-basket. Though before everything seemed to be as well designed and perfect for its purpose as possible in this basket, yet an improvement has been made in the newest form. It consists in fitting a handleless china cup into a pierced silver stand, so that the cups have no handle to break off and can be easily washed, while the silver or plated handle is quite cool and substantial; and besides this, the appearance is much improved. One most remarkably beautiful "En Route" basket set is in repoussé silver. Another novelty is a tea-basket fitted for one person only. Then there are some most useful little new luncheon-cases for ladies, suit-case shape, containing enamelled boxes for provisions, and bottles,



Gentlemen's Pocket Case.  
Drew and Sons.

knives and forks, and everything else necessary. Smaller articles for presents abound on every hand. There are letter-cases and purses of fine design, as illustrated, frames, sensors, and so on. There is an extensive and fine collection of opera-glasses and race-glasses, made with aluminium folding longnetto handles, which telescope at will, so that the glass can be held up without any fatigue. Then there are cases of scissors; cut-glass and silver-topped bottles of every description; silver-mounted purses; frames for photographs in tortoiseshell or in choice woods brightened with silver; and an endless variety of other small things, many at very moderate prices. Finally, for the benefit of ladies who are seeking a present for men who smoke, there is a new speciality introduced this season in the shape

Is there anything more troublesome than storing in a drawing-room a large quantity of music? And how it seems to accumulate!



The Mozart Music Cabinet.—Henry Stone.

a cupboard at the side will hold bound volumes. A catalogue can be had from Henry Stone, Banbury.

For those who want something particularly recherché in handkerchief perfumes, the new "Myretta" series of extracts just introduced by Messrs. Atkinson, of Bond Street, "Myretta" Rose, "Myretta" Violet, "Myretta" Jasmin, "Myretta" Bouquet, are each and all to be recommended as being exquisite odours. They are so concentrated and so powerful that a few drops give sufficient perfume. They are put up by Messrs. Atkinson in pretty novel-shaped Louis Quinze bottles. Perfumes like these are an ever-acceptable gift to a refined woman.

### DRESS.

Evening dresses become a question of importance as Christmas and the "little season" draw near. The fluffy big-sleeved evening blouse is, of course, quite a thing of the past. The new bodices are made in the severe style of a Court bodice; nearly plain except for the trimming round the décolletage, and cut to a peak in front and pointed over the hips. Though very often they are covered with chiffon, and though this may be ruched on, it never projects very greatly from the silk or satin surface beneath, but has invariably a close-fitting effect, defining the figure. Quite the newest and best way to have the sleeves made is a double band with space showing the arm between. You have merely a narrow strap holding up the bodice as usual across the shoulder, which may be either quite a plain band of the dress material, or may be trimmed with an upstanding ruche to harmonise it with any similar trimming that may be on the skirt, or may be decorated with a little cluster of feathers or a small wreath of flowers, but in any case it must be only about the width of the little finger; then the top of the arm is to be left bare, and another band, probably somewhat wider, comes across the arm about half-way to the elbow. This lower band may exactly correspond with the shoulder-strap, or it may be formed into a bow. This is, no doubt, a sort of half-way house to elbow-sleeves, but these have not yet made their appearance. In the design sketched, however, the Paris modiste has nearly arrived there, the

lower arm-adornment being quite a sleeve. The dress is of white satin, with over-dress of lace, and separate butterfly bows on bust and skirt. As a rule the new bodices either lace or hook up the back, lacing for choice, inasmuch as that moulds more exactly, I was about to say, to the figure, but to be strictly accurate, it should be, to the corsets.

In some respects the changeableness of fashion is exaggerated, yet not infrequently fashions are introduced, and largely tried, and then abandoned so quickly and with such unanimity as to justify the cynics who compare the whims of Madame la Mode with the twirling of the kaleidoscope. This is the case with the flounces round the skirts. The new evening skirts seem to have entirely abandoned the flounced effect which was so general during last season. An over-skirt is frequently worn with an under-skirt which has the volant effect, but the distinct flounce openly put on round the skirt is quite *démodé*. The fashionable skirt of the moment is cut to fit closely at the top of the figure and to flow out round the feet, but this is done in the cut, and not by a super-imposed separate



A Dressing-Box in Crocodile Leather.—Drew and Sons.

of a French briar pipe adorned with a band of fifteen carat gold and having a cloudy amber mouthpiece which is removable, the whole fitted into a case, for the small price of thirty shillings; or a new cigarette mouthpiece of cloudy amber concealed in a handsome real gun-metal case.

Messrs. Hampton's large establishment in Pall Mall East, Trafalgar Square, is filled with every conceivable sort of furniture goods. There is a special display of antique furniture and decorative goods. Anyone who prefers to purchase an article which has already borne the wear and tear of generations will find bureaux, commodes, wardrobes, and every possible variety of really ancient decorative furniture on show on a new floor. There is a large variety of articles which are unquestionably better for being old, in some cases because the care in detail which could be given to making in more leisureed times will not be afforded nowadays; and in other cases because the very passage of years has modified colour and toned down crudeness in a way that cannot be accomplished except by the hand of Father Time. At Hampton's they have a variety of pieces of old Dutch copper, made up in the most everyday articles, such as pails and jugs, but having a peculiar burnished brightness of a rich brown colour that make them invaluable for decorative purposes against certain dark backgrounds. Another illustration of the improvement brought about by the passage of time is to be found in the large stock of old embroideries and antique silks which Messrs. Hampton have laid in; old Spanish and other embroidered silks suitable for mantel-borders, piano-backs, and similar purposes, and all the better for the faded grace of their colouring. Some of the larger and finer pieces have been made up into furniture. Smaller pieces of old brocaded silk are made up into a variety of useful articles at low prices, such as a jewel-box covered with old Turkish embroidery; a stationery-case and a blotter to match in antique brocade; a small revolving bookcase, rendered fit for the drawing-room table by being covered in silk; long boxes to hold cards or work materials; small screens for photographs; boxes for cabinet photos, and various other little pieces at low prices that would make excellent Christmas presents. In the antique department, too, there are all sorts of bits of china and glass; tall brass candlesticks, which can be used as lamp-holders; German enamelled glass vases; Chinese vases; quaint Chippendale and other mirrors; inkstands in china or old ornolu, and so forth. In the modern galleries, extensive and well replenished, there are, besides the ordinary articles of furniture, various special pieces which cannot be repeated; for example, a cabinet of Japanese blackwood in many quaint compartments all decorated with lacquer and mother-of-pearl; and another of old mahogany inlaid with charming effect with copper, and having beaten copper mounts, both quite unique. Then there are smaller things of many kinds: mirrors, whatnots, brackets, revolving bookcases, cake-stands to assist at afternoon-tea, nests of tiny tables, cushions, table-centres, and table-cloths. The stock extends over the whole field of furnishing.



VELVET OPERA MANTLE WITH BLACK AND WHITE LACE  
AND CHINCHILLA COLLAR.



EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SATIN AND LACE.

piece. As to trains, they are quite optional—for instance, at the two magnificent balls recently given to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, at Welbeck and Clumber respectively, the Duchess of Portland on the Wednesday wore a white satin dress which only just lay upon the ground at the back; while on the Friday, at her own ball, she had a demi-train, the material in each case being white satin; the shorter dress was veiled with tulle and trimmed with lace, and the trained one was richly embroidered in silver.

Very noticeable is the elaborate trimming of the skirts of the evening dresses. For the most part the evening gowns of the finer order are embroidered on the material, the embroidery being often embossed or raised from behind by being laid on over wadding. White lace motifs, and various other outline forms, such as the figures cut from magnificent brocades, and ornaments of jet, or pearl, or of silver-wire or gold-thread, can be obtained to be applied by the modiste on the silk or satin chosen for the substance of the dresses. The thin materials for evening dresses, muslins and gauzes and nets, are supplied embroidered quite ready for use, the fragile material being cut and shaped before the embroideries are done. But if a firmer foundation is liked, the trimmings just described can be had separately, and be applied with a few stitches round the edges, either flat or over a layer of cotton-wool, which will give the favourite embossed appearance.

The nurses employed by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association have been styled the Alexandra Nurses with the gracious approval of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. The objects of the association are the visiting and befriending of the wives and families of men in all branches of the service on active duty with the colours. FILOMENA.



## A SINGULAR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The photographic likenesses reproduced below form part of what may justly be called a New National Portrait Gallery. They come from a collection accumulated from every part of Great Britain in circumstances hitherto unparalleled. For consider! Everyone of these pictures is reproduced from a photograph, and these photographs have been given in each instance with the same purpose—namely, to show that the sitter—the original of the portrait—is well and strong. These people had been ill; most of them in fact at death's door. All had suffered from some serious disorder,

but had been cured and made sound and hearty, and they gave their photographs to show how well they were looking!

These people owe their recovery from serious illness to the patient learning and research of a practising physician, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, who, after years of labour and experiment, discovered a means of combining in a perfectly safe and simple form the means by which for years he had been curing many different kinds of diseases. His great cures had already made him famous, far and wide, in his own neighbourhood; but, prompted by a suggestion from his dispensing chemist, the question he had been asking of himself and of Science was this: How can the means of cure, known at present to me alone, and limited to my own practice, be put into the hands of all? Science, persistently wooed, yielded up the answer. He found himself the discoverer, and presently the manufacturer in large quantities, of something utterly unlike any other drug, utterly different to ordinary medicine, merrily in its beneficent properties, striking at the very root or foundation of disease, yet so harmless that it could be safely placed in the hands of every man and woman in the world, even without medical advice—powerless for evil, capable of good incalculable. The chemist who dispensed this discovery on the doctor's prescription again and again observed its effects. He solicited the discoverer to give it to the world. The latter at last deemed the time ripe, and a quaint alliterative title was devised, such as should linger in everyone's memory. It was called, and is called still, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Only one word of caution needs to be added. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (it has been shown) are not like any other medicine. Substitutes, in imitation of the great discovery, often actually dyed pink and called "Pink Pills," are offered by tradesmen of little probity to people whom they think it easy to deceive.

Have nothing to do with these nameless and useless pink pills. Disregard the tales invented to make the imposture go down. You may be told that something else is "just the same under another title." It is not true. You are most earnestly advised to pay no attention to this. The statements are wickedly false; those who make them value their own pocket, not your health. Only Dr. Williams' own Company is acquainted with the method of preparing the remedy, which, in his hands, has done so much good. To be sure of having none but the genuine Pills (which will be found at nearly every chemist's shop and drug store in the world if insisted upon), purchasers should see that they are in a pink paper package with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—Seven Words, printed in red ink on the pink paper. In case of doubt, it is better to write (enclosing the price, 2s. 9d. for one box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes) to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. The directions for use are important, and should be carefully studied. Each package likewise contains a little slip of coloured paper inviting the purchaser to write for further information in respect to any special case. For it is a principle of the Company that it will not sell pills to anyone suffering from a disorder that they have not been known in previous instances to cure.

## A REMARK ON THE PORTRAITS.

The human face is a guide to character. Look at these portraits and the statements that go with them, attested in every case by independent witnesses. You will see that these are people of education and intelligence, who would not set their names to things that are not true. A copy of the book, containing coloured pictures of nearly thirty patients, from photographs, will be sent, free of all charge, on application (a post-card preferred) to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## A YACHTSMAN AND HIS ESCAPE.

I had heard, writes a reporter of the *Hampshire Independent*, that Mr. Charles McLean, of 2, York Street, Houndwell, Southampton, had a story to tell of an astonishing character, and of course I wanted to hear all about it.

Mr. McLean is a ship's fireman; he has done a great deal of foreign service, and to some of this he attributed a great many of the ills from which he suffered.

"You see," he said, "I would come out into the wet to get a breath of fresh air, and then go back to the furnaces with my clothes drying on me: I think this laid the foundation of a serious illness." He has served on Mr. Singer's yacht (the gentleman of sewing machine fame), and was also with Sir George Newnes. But of late he has been unable to work except by fits and starts. "Indeed," he said, "I never expected to go to sea again, nor thought I should be alive to-day. I had pains round the heart; also in the spine and muscles of the back. I went to a doctor, who examined me and painted me several times, giving me medicine also, but it failed to reach the pains, which still continued. I went to a number of other doctors and hospitals, but began to think I was incurable."

"But it did not come to that, and here I am to-day, as hearty as ever I was, and able to do a good day's work, for I've done one to-day. You should have seen me six weeks ago! I was a skeleton."

"How, it was resulted in this way. My sister, reading the paper, saw an account of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had done for a Constable. I consented to try them. Well, I took this box of pills, and from the first began to experience relief. I continued taking them, and by the time I had taken nearly the whole of the second box, I was better than I had been for years."

"Now all the pain has gone, and here I am, though little expecting to be here. I feel a new man, and I shall be off to sea again before long. That's my experience, and I hope you will publish it."

## AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

At the foot of the high Haldon range in the county of Devon, in the little village of Dunclideock, live Mr. and Mrs. Stone. It was here that a reporter of the *Western Daily Times* interviewed them, and the conversation turned upon their daughter Elizabeth, aged twenty-three years.



MISS ELIZABETH STONE.

she said she was anemic or bloodless, and although she tried all sorts of medicines, none seemed to do her much good."

Mrs. Stone shook her head as she continued, "she was under another doctor for eleven months. She stayed at Exminster until they said she was dying and sent her home. Her blood was (so to speak) turning to water, and to go up a flight of stairs at this time (owing to the state of her heart) would nearly kill her: she had no colour and was like a corpse."

MR. CHARLES McLEAN.  
Formerly Yachtsman to Sir G. Newnes, M.P.

But I had been reading an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the numerous cases of fainting and weak heart they had cured. It struck me hers was a similar case. So I wrote to the Company for a box. Before half of the pills were taken she could eat and walk about without trouble. She had grown very thin and emaciated. Now she has picked up again, and her colour has come back. Those who saw her after she had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills didn't know where she had been to look so well again. I used four boxes for her altogether."

On the following day the reporter journeyed to Exminster, where Miss Elizabeth Stone was staying. The lately recovered invalid pleasantly answered the questions put to her. "About two years ago," she said, "I was always ailing. I had several doctors, but I felt as though I hadn't any strength, and used to faint away very often. My mother persuaded me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and when I had used the first box I already felt better, and continued to use them."

Miss Stone's appearance certainly differed from the description her mother gave of her former condition, for there was colour in her cheeks and robustness in her figure.

## A LITTLE HEROINE.

In that portion of Atherton known as "The Valley" there lives a family of the name of Sharpe. Some two years ago the youngest daughter fell ill, and although treated by five or six eminent medical men and by specialists at several hospitals she gradually got worse, and her life was despaired of. All that a fond mother could do was lavished upon her, but in vain, and Mrs. Sharpe began to reconcile herself to what she then considered inevitable. To-day, however, the child is out and about, the very picture of health, looking better, her parents say, than she ever did in her life. The glad mother told the whole story to a local reporter for the benefit of suffering humanity.

The Sharpes live at 4, Sanderson Street, Atherton, and the name of their daughter is Frances, now over ten years old.

"She looks remarkably well now," he observed.

"Yes," replied the mother fervently, "and I may tell you that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave at Christmas."

"And when did she first fall ill?"

"It will be about two years since. She caught scarlet fever at Bury, and was sent to the hospital there. When she came home I could see she wasn't well, and as she got worse I called in the doctor. He said she was suffering from rheumatism and consumption, and other doctors who examined her said her spine was also affected. She wore away to a skeleton almost."

"And what did you do next?"

"I tried cod-liver oil and all kinds of things, but they did no good. The nurse who came said that she did not think Frances would be long for this world, and the neighbours used to come in in the morning, to ask me if she had 'passed away.'"

"Well, Sir, I and my sister were sitting by the bedside one night when we had given her up. I happened to come downstairs, and I saw a book that had been sent, giving particulars of many cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had never had an idea of her trying them before, because I always thought they were for grown-up people; but I looked at the book, and said to my sister, 'We will try them.' She sent for a box at once. I gave Frances half a pill dissolved in some water."

"And when did you notice any change?"

"I think it was on the third day after I got the pills. From that time she made progress, and the neighbours were astonished at the way she got better."

"I suppose you told them about the pills?"

"They knew, because I told them, and several have tried them since. There is one in this street now that has been cured by them, and I shall recommend them as long as I live."

"How many boxes did you get?"

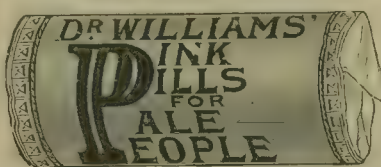
"I had two boxes in all. Frances also had a cough, but it has gradually gone away, and she is better now than ever she was."



FRANCES SHARPE.

## A TONIC IS NEEDED

if you are quickly tired, lack energy, feel weak in the back, and always want something to lean upon; if you do not care for your food and cannot relish your work; if you are nervous and have headaches,



are the best tonic in the world—cannot harm the most delicate. They are not a purgative. THEY MAKE PEOPLE STRONG.

## FATAL DISEASES &amp; DISEASES NOT FATAL

that have been cured, as is shown by published and certified evidence, by

## DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Consumption, Paralysis,  
Locomotor Ataxy, Bronchitis, Asthma, Rickets, St. Vitus' Dance,  
Debility, Indigestion, Anæmia (Bloodlessness), &c.

## DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE COMPANY'S OFFICES.

Head Office of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, Canada. For Great Britain and Ireland—Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. For the United States of America—Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, New York, U.S.A. For South America—Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Casilla del Correo, 1390, Buenos Ayres. For Australia—Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Queen's Place, Sydney, N.S.W.; Rocks, Tompsett, and Co. (Wholesale Druggists), Melbourne, Victoria; Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Industrial Chambers, King William Street, Adelaide, South Australia; Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Darragh's Buildings, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland; F. H. Faulding and Co., Perth, Western Australia; A. P. Miller and Son, Hobart, Tasmania. For New Zealand—Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., care of Messrs. Sharland and Co., Wellington. For Hawaii—Hollister Drug Co., Limited, Honolulu. For New Caledonia—C. W. Kresser, Nouméa. For Cochinchina—F. Berenguer, Pharmacy, Saigon. For Madagascar—Société Anonyme Pharmaceutique, Tananarive. For Réunion—Turpin de Mores Pharmacie, Saint-Denis. For Java—J. A. F. van den Houte Willem, Pharmacy, Batavia. For Egypt—M. Fischer, Alexandria and Cairo. For Asia Minor—Charles M. Fry, Pharmacy, Smyrna; Nahoul and Affimue, Pharmacy, Beyrout. For the European Continent—Chief Continental Depot, Gabbini and Cie, Cité Trévise, 3, Paris, France. For Belgium—A. Dornville, Pharmacy, Boulevard de Waterloo, Brussels. For Holland—H. Snablië, Rotterdam. For Switzerland—P. Doy and F. Cartier, Geneva. For Portugal—James Cassels and Co., Oporto. For Turkey—Economic Co-operative Society, Limited, Constantinople. For Greece—J. Joannidis and Co. (Piræus), Athens. For Bulgaria—N. J. Stransky, Pharmacy, Sofia. For Serbia—Dr. Gyurits, Pharmacy, Belgrade. For Hungary—Loo Egger and J. Egger, Pharmacy, Buda-Pesth.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may also be had under their French title, *Pilules Pink pour Personnes Palees* du Dr. Williams, at the following Continental Pharmacies: For Germany—Lucas's Apotheke, Berlin. For Austria—Salvator-Apotheke, Vienna. For Spain—Salvador Alsina, Barcelona. For Denmark—Th. Løse and Co., Copenhagen. For Italy—George Baker and Co., Rome.



## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F J S (Hampstead).—It is quite impossible to avoid such things; no monopoly can be established in the matter.

A Field (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Thanks, it shall have our attention.

P M Brand (Farnham).—We greatly regret that your last contribution was by accident destroyed. Would you oblige us with a duplicate?

P Watson (Portsmouth).—Mr. Hofer's book, published by Routledge, would admirably answer your purpose.

P C B (Basingstoke).—Thanks for valued contribution, of which we have made full use.

A Beck.—Your problem shall be duly examined.

H Bristow (Plymouth).—A problem of yours was published in this column on Oct. 1. We are obliged for new contribution.

P H Williams.—Your problem is quite correct, and marked for early insertion.

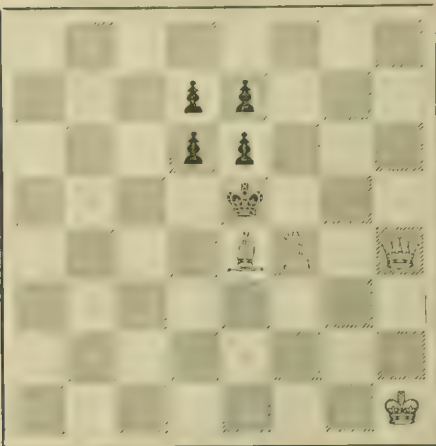
V Biddle.—Problem marked No. 2 has no Black King on the diagram.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2840 and 2841 received from: T. C. D. (Dublin), and C. A. M. (Yonkers); of No. 2845 from W. S. (Belfast), T. C. D. (Dublin), and Hermit; of No. 2846 from H. S. (Belfast), T. C. D. (Dublin), C. I. M. (Glasgow), Percy G. S. (Belfast), Edward J. Sharpe, and T. G. Ware.

NOTE. PROBLEM No. 2847.—There is no solution of this problem if Black play 1. R to K 6th. The following have sent the author's intention: J. F. M. (R. Warrers (Canterbury), T. G. (Ware), M. A. E. (T. G. Ware), Edward J. Sharpe, T. Roberts, G. Hawkins (Canterbury), C. E. M. (Glasgow), Hermit, C. R. (Teguland), E. P. V. (Saundersfoot), C. M. O. (Buxton), E. A. Granger (Manchester), John Lichter (Hann), Alpha, John Short (Exeter), R. Watson (Portsmouth), Eugene Henry, F. J. S. (Hampstead), J. T. Blackmore, T. C. D. (Dublin), Captain Spencer, H. S. (Buxton) (Montreux), George Stillinglee Johnson (Colburn), M. H. (Buxton), W. Vaughan (Liverpool), T. Baxter (Richmond), H. Le Joux, G. V. Boune (Birmingham), Stanforth, Frederick Saythe (Gothalming), S. Davis (Leicester), and L. P. (Lond).

PROBLEM No. 2849.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2845.—By G. J. HERS.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Q to Q R 4th. Any move.

2. Q to R 4th. Any move.

## SIMULTANEOUS CHES.

One of twenty games played by Mr. LASKER at Basingstoke.

(By Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Lasker).	BLACK (Mr. F. C. Bird).	WHITE (Mr. Lasker).	BLACK (Mr. F. C. Bird).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	18. R to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd.	Kt to K B 3rd.	19. Q to K 3rd.	Kt to K 3rd.
3. R to K 5th.	R to K 5th.	20. R takes P.	Q to R 2nd.
4. Castles.	Kt takes P.	21. Kt to R 5th.	R to K B 3rd.
5. P to Q 4th.	R to K 2nd.	22. P to K R 3rd.	Q to R 4th (ch).
6. Q to K 2nd.	Kt to K 3rd.	23. K to R 2nd.	Kt to B 4th.
7. B takes Kt.	Kt P takes R.	24. Q to K 3rd.	
8. P takes P.	Kt to Kt 2nd.		
9. Kt to B 3rd.			

So far the moves are all according to book, but White here introduces some useful developments.

9. Kt to Q 4th. Castles. R to R 4th. Q to K 3rd. P to Q 3rd. Kt to K 3rd. B takes R (ch).

We think B to Kt 3rd would probably serve Black better. To clear off the pawns in this position play naturally simplifies the game for the single player. Besides, the move is more defensive in character.

14. Q takes B. P to K R 3rd. R P takes P. R takes R (ch). R takes R. R to Q 2nd. R takes R. P to R 4th. R takes R. R takes R.

Black's game is not easy, and Q takes P seems to yield no better result.

At a meeting under the chairmanship of Mr. W. White, at the Literary Institute, Bromley, Kent, on Nov. 15, a club was formed, called the Bromley Chess Club. Mr. Veates was appointed hon. sec., and Mr. Paul Taylor hon. treasurer. The club will meet on Monday evenings at seven o'clock at the Institute.

Mr. Lasker commenced his tour in the provinces in October, when he visited Basingstoke and gave an exhibition of simultaneous chess in the Town Hall against twenty opponents. In the short space of three and a quarter hours he won every game.

Mr. Blackburne paid his annual visit to the Newcastle Chess Club on Nov. 14. In the evening he encountered seventeen players simultaneously, winning thirteen and losing two to Messrs. L. Zollner and H. Greenwell. Messrs. Serjant and Nixon succeeded in drawing their games. On the following day he conducted six games blindfold, winning two and drawing the remainder.

In the case of Hayes v. the New Incandescent Sunlight Patent Gas Light Company, Limited, judgment was given by Mr. Justice Romer in favour of the plaintiff, with costs. The effect of this judgment is more far-reaching than appears at first glance, inasmuch as it puts a stop to an action instituted by the Sunlight Company, Limited, against the Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, for an injunction restraining the latter from selling the New Welsbach Burner (or Kern Burner, as it was called), which the Sunlight Company claimed to be an infringement of certain de Mare patents held by them. By this judgment it is held that the de Mare patents do not belong to them, but belong to the patentees of the Kern or New Welsbach Burner, so that the Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, are secure in enjoyment of their newly acquired burner.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Sept. 9, 1898) of Mr. Jeremiah James Colman, of Carrow House, Norwich, D.L.; J.P., M.P. Norwich 1871-95, who died on Sept. 18, were proved on Nov. 10 by Russell James Colman, the son, James Stuart, and Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, the executors, the value of the whole estate amounting to £687,024, and of the personal estate to £617,201. There are specific gifts and bequests to his children, and many annuities and legacies to relations, friends, employees, servants, and others. The testator also bequeaths oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, maps, drawings, sketches, etchings, and copper-plates by Norwich and Norfolk artists, to the value of £5000, to the Norwich Castle Museum; £100 each to the Norwich City Mission, the Norwich Young Men's Christian Association, the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the Norwich Coal Society, the Norwich Soup Society, the Norwich Sick-Poor Society, the Norfolk Protestant Dissenters' Benevolent Society, the Norfolk Baptist Home Mission, the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, and the Baptist Irish Mission; £500 to be distributed among the employees of the *Norfolk News* Company and the proprietors of papers in which he was interested at Ipswich, the *Star Newspaper* Company, and the National Press Agency; £1000 to be distributed among religious and charitable institutions to which he had been in the habit of subscribing; and his executors are directed to pay, in addition to any subscriptions or donations due at his death or promised, to every institution or society to which he had subscribed for four years previously a sum equal to his annual subscription. He further gives £2000 per annum for twenty years for the benefit of such of the employees or ex-employees of his firm of Messrs. J. and J. Colman, or the widows of such, who, by reason of sickness, ill-health, age, or infirmity, stand most in need of the same; and £50 each to the ministers of St. Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich, and Princes Street Congregational Church, Norwich, for distribution among the poor members of their congregations. Mr. Colman makes the following provision for his children: he leaves 750 £10 shares in J. and J. Colman, Limited, and £75,000, upon trust, for his son Russell James Colman; 3750 £10 preference shares in the same company, and £19,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Laura Elizabeth Stuart and Mrs. Florence Esther Boardman; 3750 £10 preference shares in the same company, and £25,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Ethel Mary Colman and Helen Caroline Colman; and a further sum of £20,000, upon trust, between his said daughters. The trust funds, under two settlements, are to be equally divided between his five children; and he appoints his grandson, Geoffrey Russell Rees Colman a director of Messrs. J. and J. Colman. All his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments he devises to his son Russell James; and he gives him the residue of his personal estate.

The will (dated May 13, 1898) of Sir Henry William Peek, Bart., of Rousdon, Devon, and of Messrs. Peek

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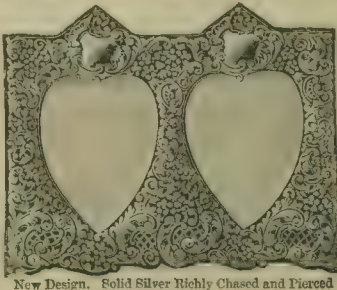
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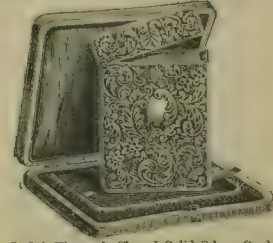
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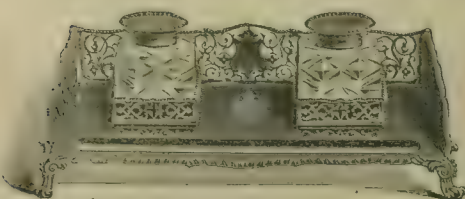
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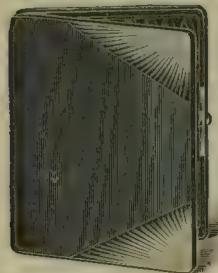
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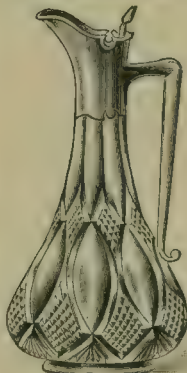
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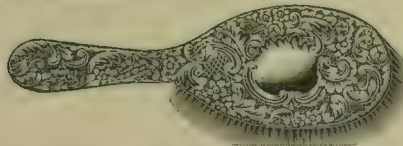
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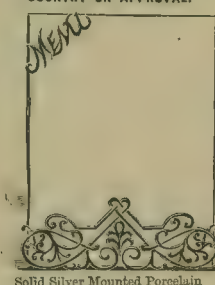
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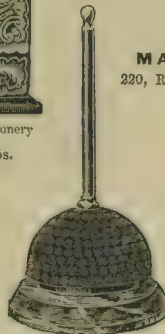
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Brothers and Co., Eastcheap, who died on Aug. 26 last, was proved on Nov. 15 by Sir Cuthbert Edgar Peck, Bart., the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £350,799, and the net personality £210,382. The testator appoints the Right Hon. William St. John Fremantle Brodick, P.C., the Hon. Laurence Alan Brodick, and the Hon. Arthur Grenville Brodick, his trustees, and he bequeaths to each of them 250 guineas. He devises the Rousdon estate, the advowsons of Rowdon and Drewsteignton, all other his real estate in Devon, the advowsons of Cranleigh, Surrey, and St. Magnus, London Bridge, and his land, messuages, and premises at Wimbledon, upon trust, for his son Cuthbert for life, with remainder to his grandson Wilfred for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. All his pictures and objects of art, presentation plate, his museum at Rousdon, and his collection of British birds, are to devolve as heirlooms and be held with the Rousdon estates. He gives 2000 guineas to his brother, the Rev. Edward Peck; £5000, upon trust, for the maintenance of the Church of England Schools, outside of the North Lodge at Rousdon, and an annuity to a servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated April 5, 1891) of Sir James Bain, J.P., D.L., of Park Torruce, Glasgow, M.P. for Whitehaven 1891-92, and Lord Provost

of Glasgow 1877, who died on April 25 last, granted to James Robert Bain, the son, the accepting executor nominate, was revealed in London on Nov. 12, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £284,215.

The will (dated July 30, 1891), with two codicils (dated Jan. 17 and July 29, 1893), of Mr. James William Temple, of 74, Portland Place, S.W., and Leyswood, Sussex, formerly of Messrs. Shaw, Savill, and Co., who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Nov. 15 by Mrs. Ann Hewlett Temple, the widow, and Francis Ince, the executors, the value of the estate being £199,450. The testator gives £2500 and his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., horses and carriages, wines and consumable stores, to his wife, and also, during her widowhood, the use and enjoyment of 74, Portland Place, and Leyswood, and an annuity of £8000; an annuity of £1250 to his son William Robert Luckvale Temple, to be increased by any annual sum not exceeding £1000, at the written request of Mrs. Temple; £1000 to his wife for distribution among his old servants; £500 to Francis Ince, and conditional annuities to relatives, friends, and servants. Should Mrs. Temple again marry an annuity of £2000 is to be paid to her. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood; then, upon further trusts, for his son for his life; and then, subject to an annuity to his widow, to his son's children, in such shares that the eldest son takes two thirds and the other children one third between them.

His widow, Mrs. Temple, is to have power of appointment by her will over £10,000.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1894), with two codicils (dated Sept. 29, 1896, and Oct. 27, 1897), of Mr. Joseph Spawforth, of Sandal Magna, Hornsey Rise, and of Messrs. Spawforth and Son, the Distillery, Barbican, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Nov. 12 by Mrs. Dora Emily Shadbolt, the daughter, William Scholefield, junior, the nephew, Frederick William Humble, and his son, Arthur Bingley Spawforth, the executors, the value of the estate being £143,481 12s. 8d. The testator devises his freehold estate at Hornsey to his wife. He also gives to her £1500, his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £1200; £100 each to his executors William Scholefield and Frederick William Humble, and to his brother-in-law, William Scholefield; his share of the business of wine and spirit importers to his son Arthur; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon various trusts, for his three children, Joseph, Arthur, and Dora, and his granddaughter, Muriel Garnet Thimm, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1892), with three codicils (dated June 6, 1894, July 9, 1895, and Jan. 18, 1898), of Mr. Edward William Terrick Hamilton, J.P., D.L., of Charters, Sunningdale, Berks, formerly M.P. for Salisbury, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 15 by Charles Gippis Hamilton, the son, and Sir Edward Walter Hamilton, K.C.B., the executors, the value of the estate

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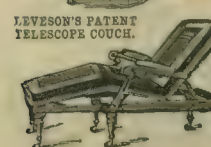
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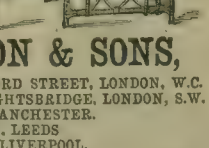
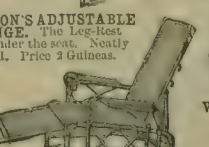
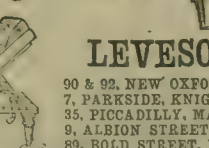
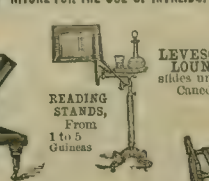
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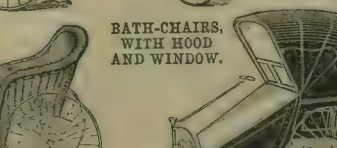
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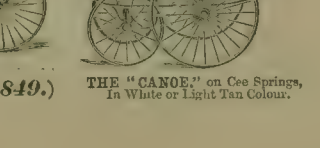
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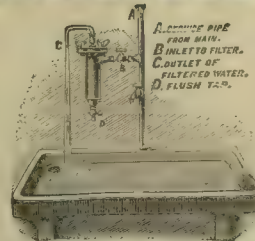
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being £112,967. Having advanced to his son Terrick Alfred Hamilton £17,000 odd on mortgage of property at Tomba, Queensland, he gives to his son such mortgage debt in the event of him or his issue surviving the testator. He bequeaths a chest of plate to his son Terrick Alfred; £200 each to his executors; £250 each to his son Harvie Cavendish Hamilton and his daughter Mrs. Emily Ursula Barnett; legacies to servants; and his household furniture and effects to his five unmarried daughters and his son Charles. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons Charles Gips Hamilton and Harvie Cavendish Hamilton, and his daughters, Frances Gremo Hamilton, Emily Ursula Barnett, Julia Isabel Hamilton, Ann Sybella Hamilton, Margaret Erica Hamilton, and Mary Alice Hamilton, in certain proportions.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1896), with a codicil (dated March 18, 1897), of Mr. Henry Daniel Martin, of Halberry, near Newport, Isle of Wight, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Nov. 10 by Miss Mary Martin, the sister, and Robert Josiah Pead, two of the executors, the value of

the estate being £111,917. The testator gives £5000 A Debenture Stock of the Isle of Wight Central Railway each to his niece Beatrice Kate Martin and his nephew Edward James Martin; £5000 of such stock, upon trust, for his niece Annie Florence Harrison, for life, and then for her children; £5000 of such stock, upon trust, for his nephew Charles Martin, his wife, and daughter; and £5000 stock, upon trust, for Emma Victoria Mary Martin, for life, and then between the children of his deceased nephew Henry Thomas Martin. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his two sisters, Mary Martin and Anna Martin, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1894) of Mr. Edward Maxwell Twopeny, J.P., of Woodstock Park, Sittingbourne, who died on Sept. 24, was proved on Nov. 5 by Charles Dynely Twopeny, the brother, and Mrs. Dora Twopeny, the widow, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £51,055. The testator gives £2000, an annuity of £1000, and the use, until his son attains twenty-one, of his household furniture, plate, and pictures, to his wife; £100 each to

his executors, and £500 to his brother, Charles Dynely Twopeny. Under the powers of the deed of resettlement of the Woodstock Park Estate, he directs that should his wife survive his mother, then £300 per annum, part of the annuity of £1000, is to be charged on the said estates. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, Sidney Edward Twopeny, on his coming of age.

The will (dated July 30, 1894) of Colonel the Hon. Sir Wellington Patrick Manvers Chetwynd Talbot, K.C.B., of 15, Cromwell Road, S.W., and Glenhurst, Esher, for many years Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Lords, who died on Sept. 23, has been proved by Lady Emma Charlotte Talbot, the widow, Captain Frederick Gilbert Talbot, the son, and James Henry Hiley, the executors, the value of the estate being £28,568. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1889), with three codicils (dated Oct. 5, 1892, July 2, 1894, and July 8, 1897), of Mr. George Baugh Allen, of 5, Albert Terrace, Regent's Park,

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Supply the Public with Every Description of  
**HOUSEHOLD LINENS**

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

**FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.**

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

**"The NEW COFFEE. DELICIOUS & ENJOYED by those who CAN TAKE NO OTHER."**

**Café Zylak**

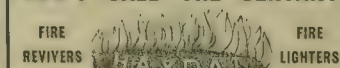
**PEPTONIZED MILK AND COFFEE.**

**A Doctor writes:—"As near perfection as one can desire."**

In Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Obtainable everywhere.

**SAVORY & MOORE, London.**

## DON'T CALL THE SERVANT



if the Fire is out, or won't burn up, use one little Haydal Fire Reviver; it is only the size of your little finger, and burns with a bright flame for 10 minutes, leaving no light, no smoke, no noise, no sparks, no soot, no smell. A great help to the servant in fire lighting. Per Box of 25, 6d., per Box of 96, 1/6, post 3d. extra. Ask your Grocer or Outman to get you a Sample Box.

**HAYDAL MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
57 & 58, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

## LLOYD'S

IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.  
**THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS**  
FOR EASY SHAVING,

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH. The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this

**TRADE MARK—**

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade-mark, and goodwill, from the Executors of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.  
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS,  
BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.

**"LANOLINE"**  
Toilet Preparations  
**"LANOLINE"**

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

**Lanoline Toilet Soap**  
6/6 per TABLET, THREE in a BOX 1/6

For Delicate and Sensitive Skins. 6d. a 12.

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Anyone can now take good photographs without previous practice.

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**MAKE BIG PICTURES.**

So sharp and clear are the photographs taken with the Kodak Cameras, that enlargements can be made more than 100 times the original size.

KODAKS £1 1s. to £7 7s.  
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Stone's  
**"Bureau"**  
Cabinets.  
No. 932, as illustration,  
£3 7s. 6d.  
Containing every requisite for Letter Filing and Correspondence.

In Rich Brown Oak throughout. Size, 27 1/2 by 22 1/2 by 11 1/2.  
May be ordered through any Furniture Dealer or Stationer, or direct from

**HENRY STONE AND SON, BANBURY.**  
Write for complete Illustrated Catalogue of New and Artistic Time-Saving Specialities.

**'K'**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
[ALL WEARERS  
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# BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA,  
Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT,  
Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION,  
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Clear and give STRENGTH to the voice of SINGERS,  
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

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## No Superfluous Fat, but Good Muscle.

Mr. ROBERT TUCK, 7, Richmond Road, Southsea, writes on Oct. 25, 1898—

"Please send a sample of 'Frame Food' Jelly, for which I enclose 3d. for postage. I am desirous of trying it for our baby, who has been brought up entirely on 'Frame Food' Diet from six weeks old, with results most gratifying to ourselves, and to the utmost benefit of the child. The way he has thrived on it is truly wonderful. He is now just over nine months, and we think he will walk at twelve months, he is so strong.  
"I may add, that I am satisfied the food does everything that is claimed for it; not making a lot of superfluous fat, but good muscle."

(All testimonials published by the Frame Food Co. are absolutely unsolicited and gratuitously given.)

PRESCRIBED and HIGHLY RECOMMENDED  
by DOCTORS

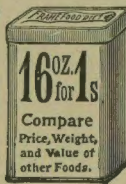
**"FRAME FOOD" DIET**

for INFANTS, INVALIDS, & EVERYBODY.

Most  
Nutritious.  
Very  
Digestible.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET supplies the ORGANIC PHOSPHATES, ALBUMINOIDS, and other constituents necessary for the full development of the bones and muscles of young INFANTS and growing CHILDREN; it builds up the strength of the INVALID wasted by disease. To expectant and nursing mothers it is invaluable, as it helps to replace the loss in the maternal system, and adds largely to the value of the milk as a food; and as "FRAME FOOD" DIET is composed of all the constituents forming a perfect food, it should be taken by all who seek to preserve their health.

Sold Everywhere in Tins, 1 lb. at 1s., 4 lb. at 3s. 9d.



Nourishing  
as Malt  
Extract;  
Delicious  
as Jam.



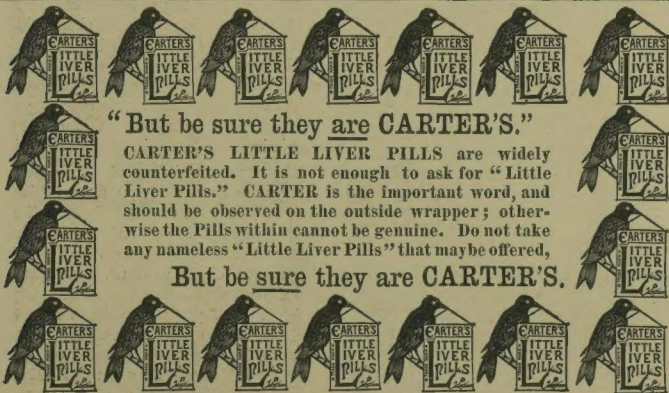
**"FRAME FOOD" JELLY,**

Like "FRAME FOOD" DIET, contains the Organic Phosphates and Albuminoids (extracted from Wheat Bran) which are vitally necessary for Developing the Human Frame, and invigorate and strengthen at every period of life. It possesses the nutritive and digestive properties of Malt Extract, and is much cheaper and more palatable. Children eat it readily on bread and butter or in puddings, and grow stout and strong when using it. It builds up the strength of the invalid; it keeps the athlete in perfect condition; and adults find it invigorates and vitalises all the functions of the body.

Sold in Air-tight  
Covered Jars of about 1-lb. at 9d.

1-lb. Sample "FRAME FOOD" DIET, or Sample 5-oz. JAR of "FRAME FOOD" JELLY, sent FREE on receipt of 9d. to pay postage; both samples sent for 4d. for postage. Mention this paper.

**FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd., Dept. [T.], Battersea, LONDON, S.W.**



**"But be sure they are CARTER'S."**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills." CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper; otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered.

**But be sure they are CARTER'S.**

**DON'T GO BALD OR GREY: USE**

**KOKO**  
FOR THE HAIR

**UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.**

ERADICATES SCURF.

PROMOTES GROWTH.

ALLAYS IRRITATION.

The German Ambassador's Daughter, Princess Hohenzollern, writes: "Koko" is the best dressing I know. It keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in every way excellent."

ROYAL ORDER.—"I beg you to send by return six bottles of 'Koko' for the Hair. It is for her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein."

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING.  
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.  
CONTAINS NO GREASE OR DYE.

1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or direct from the KOKO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited, 16, Devis Marks, and 233, Regent Street, London.

**BOLDING'S** "SIMPLEX" VALVES  
SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR  
**HOT WATER & STEAM**  
MOST PERFECT ON THE MARKET  
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL  
**BUILDERS**  
**PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS**  
ALSO OF THE MANUFACTURERS  
**JOHN BOLDING & SONS LTD**  
GROSVENOR WORKS,  
DAVIES STREET,  
LONDON. **GUARANTEED.**

**DON'T COUGH**  
TINS 13½d EACH  
SAVE YOURSELF FROM WRECK  
THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY  
**USE KEATING'S LOZENGES**

"The OLD order changeth, yielding place to NEW."

**ALFA-LAVAL**

**CREAM**

**SEPARATORS.**

Over 140,000 Machines Sold.

Over 365 Medals and Diplomas.

Every **ALFA-LAVAL** is guaranteed to perfectly separate the quantity stated, and requires less power to work than any other Separator.

**BEWARE of IMITATIONS.**

Highest capacity  
compatible with cleanest  
skimming.

Users say they pay for  
themselves in six  
months.

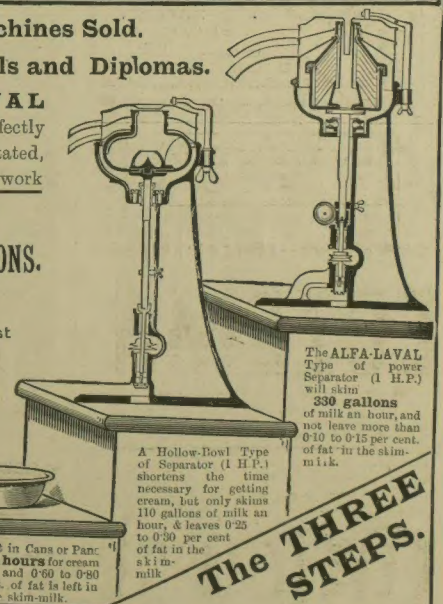
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STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. (Please mention this Paper.)



The ALFA-LAVAL Type of power Separator (1 H.P.) will skim 300 gallons of milk an hour, and not leave more than 0.10 to 0.15 per cent. of fat in the skim-milk.

A Hollow-Bowl Type of Separator (1 H.P.) shortens the time necessary for getting cream, but only skims 110 gallons of milk an hour, & leaves 0.25 to 0.30 per cent of fat in the skim-milk.

**The THREE STEPS.**



and the Inner Temple, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Nov. 11 by Wilfred Baugh Allen and Joseph Henry Baugh Allen, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £37,302. The testator bequeaths £50 to his grandson Lancelot, and his furniture and household effects to his unmarried daughters. The residue of his property, including the funds of his marriage settlement, and other property he has power to dispose of under the will of his father, he leaves between his eight children, but his son Wilfred is to bring into account £2600 already settled on him.

Letters of administration of the estate of Henry, Earl of Effingham, of Tusmore, Oxford, who died on May 4

intestate, were granted on Nov. 12 to Henry Alexander Gordon, Earl of Effingham, the son and only next-of-kin, the value of the estate being £20,038.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Thomas Scarth, J.P., D.L., of Staindrop House, Staindrop, Durham, who died on Aug. 9, have been proved by William Thomas Bolam, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £5784.

The will of General Richard Alexander Moore, of Langton, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Aug. 24, was proved on Nov. 11 by Mrs. Mary Moore, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £267.

## MUSIC.

The Patti Concert of last week at the Albert Hall was a brilliant success, so far as enthusiasm and a record audience could make it a success. There was scarcely a vacant seat in the whole building, even the orchestra being occupied by a densely packed throng. Encores were the order of the evening, and Madame Patti herself sang no less than six times. One of her encore songs, "Pur dicesti," was in the rendering most exquisite and delightful, and in that worn and battered old duet "Parigi, O cara," she and Mr. Lloyd made all the right and proper effect. The singers who supported her belonged to the head and front of their profession, Miss Clara Butt, for example, scoring a

## HOPKINSON

## GOLD MEDAL

## PIANOFORTES

Superb in Tone.  
Perfect in Touch.  
Beautiful in Design.  
Moderate in Price.  
On the Installation System, from £25 to £18 18s. per quarter.  
Send for Lists and Photos of New Styles.

J. and J. HOPKINSON (Limited),  
34, 35, and 36, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W.;  
102, Brompton Road, S.W.; and 44, Fitzroy Road, Primrose Hill.

## D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND

ORGANS. All Improvements.  
Approval Carriage free. Easy terms. 10 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cutlery from 15 guineas. New iron-framed Pianos from 15 guineas. Organs from 4 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 113 years),  
91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.  
Open till 7. Saturdays, 3.

## OETZMANN, of 27, BAKER STREET.

15s.—PIANOFORTES, 15s. per Month, on Thomas Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. The Cheapest and Best House in London is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 13 or 30 penny stamps. MUST BE INVALUABLE.  
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

UNITARIAN LITERATURE (Free). The Rev. Stopford Brooke—"The Triumph of Faith." Dr. John Fiske—"The Everlasting Reality of Religion." The Rev. R. A. Armstrong—"Unitarian Christianity Explained." These publications sent free. Apply by letter to LADY WILSON, 30, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey.

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NO MORE ASTHMA FROM THIS MOMENT. Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals, and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

A Toilet Powder for the Complexion, Also for the Nursery, Roughness of the Skin, after Shaving, &c. Hygienic, and prepared with Pure and Harmless Materials. PRICE 1/- In Three Tints, BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RACHEL. Prepared by FINEST FRANCES, Parfumeuse. To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., & City Rd., E.C., London.

LOW'S HIGHLAND WHISKEY SUPPLIED DIRECT TO CONSUMERS ONLY SAMPLES FREE GEORGE LOW, MONTROSE, N.B.



EXQUISITE MODELS.  
PERFECT FIT.  
GUARANTEED WEAR.

THE Y & N  
DIAGONAL SEAM.

Will not split in the Seams, nor tear in the Fabric.

Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable colours and shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Cashmere.  
4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

Three Gold Medals.  
Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION  
ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,  
ENTIRELY FADE AWAY.

TRY  
ZIGZAG  
GUMMED EDGE  
A REVOLUTION IN  
CIGARETTE PAPER BOOKS.  
EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.  
AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,  
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA  
Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In Tins 4s. 3d.

British Depot—66, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, Lynch & Co., J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts, & Co., Butler & Crispe, John Thompson, Liverpool, & ALL Wholesale Houses.

CORN EXTERMINATOR.  
CORN 0 NEVER FAILS.

Ingenious Instrument. Anyone can use. Highest surgical testimonials. Post free 13 stamps. Bunion and Chubbins' (inverted) absolutely Cures Tender Feet, Soft Corns, Enlarged Joints, &c. 14 stamps. Mr. GARDNER, Chiropodist. Specialité—Nails, 85, Regent Street, W.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE OLD FALSE TEETH WE BUY OLD or DISUSED FALSE TEETH  
UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN.  
or offers made and teeth held over until accepted.  
R. D. & J. B. FRASER,  
PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH, ENGLAND.  
Bankers' References: Messrs. Bacon & Co., Ipswich. (Established 1832.)



Invincible! Unshrinkable!  
"VIYELLA" leads the way;  
Ideally and really,  
The garb for Night and Day.

Invincible! Unshrinkable!  
"VIYELLA" has no peer;  
Ideally and really,  
The garb for all the year.

From Leading Drapers, or name of nearest sent on application to

"VIYELLA" (L.N.), 9, Friday St., LONDON.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

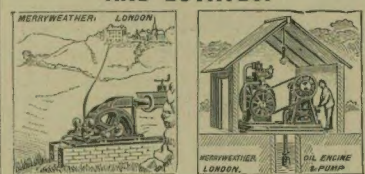
The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:  
"Sir,—I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for twenty-five years! I took LAVILLE'S medicine, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.—I remain, yours truly," FRANCIS CLARKE.

DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR  
(PERFECTLY HARMLESS)  
IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR THE CURE OF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists. Wholesale Depot, F. COMAR and SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Describ. five Pamphlets, containing Testimonials, post free on Application.

MERRYWEATHER ON WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS AND ESTATES.



WATER-WHEEL PUMP. Supplying Mansion or Railway Station, as on L.C.D.R.

OIL-ENGINE PUMP. 1d. per hour per H.P.

MERRYWEATHER & SONS beg to remind their clients of their

CONSULTING DEPARTMENT,

under the control of an Experienced Specialist (Assoc. M.I.C.E.), Their large experience as Contractors for Water Supplies naturally renders them specially qualified to offer practical advice in the preparation of schemes, and in carrying them out on economical lines. They undertake—

TO INVESTIGATE and Report on existing sources of supply—

TO SINK and BORE Wells—TO CONSTRUCT Reservoirs, Elevated Water Towers, and Filters—TO PROVIDE Pumping Machinery to be worked by all powers, and TO LAY PIPING, &c.

SEE SPECIAL PAMPHLET.

"WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS."

MERRYWEATHER & SONS, Ltd.,

WATER ENGINEERS,

Greenwich Rd., London, S.E.; & 63, Long Acre, W.C.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY 10,000

Christmas Presents, amounting at Ordinary Retail Price to

£625

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

to purchasers of our Christmas and New Year's Cards during the next few weeks only.

Having purchased the entire stock of a large Christmas Card Firm at considerably less than half the original cost of production, we have decided this year, for the first time, to deal direct with the Public instead of through the shopkeepers, and are making up monster packets (sold in the ordinary way for at least 3s. 6d.), containing one dozen choice Christmas and New Year Cards, price 1s. 6d. With each of these packets, by way of advertisement, we shall present gratis to every purchaser a most interesting, instructive, and amusing Christmas present. This article is sold retail at 1s. 3d., and is in great demand for winter evenings.

The above Cards are of the finest quality and by the best designers, and as this unprecedented bargain will only be on offer for a limited time, it is advisable to order without delay. You will save time, worry, and money by dealing direct with us, and thus saving the shopkeepers' sometimes enormous profits. Price 1s. 6d. per packet, post free to any address in the United Kingdom. (Foreign Postage 3d. extra.) 1d. stamps or P.O. preferred. Address—MANAGER, F 22 DEPT., FINE ART COMPANY, 92a, ISLETON ROAD, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."  
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BENGER'S FOOD For Infants Invalids and the Aged  
DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE, AND DIGESTIBLE.  
Benger's Food is sold by all Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Extracts from Private Letters.

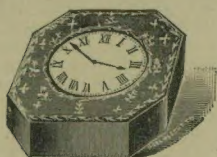
"My last little boy was fed entirely upon it from birth, and a healthier child it would be difficult to find. My wife sounds the praise of 'Benger's Food' everywhere."

"If every mother knew of its value, no other would be used."



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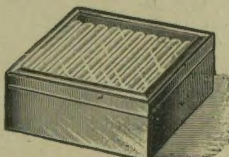
THOUSANDS OF  
CHRISTMAS  
PRESENTS



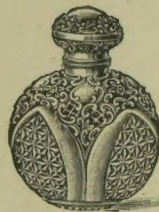
**WATCH PAPER-WEIGHT.**  
30-hour reliable movement, in Antique Leather, Gold Tooled, 25/-



**LADY'S PURSE.**  
In Crocodile Leather. The most durable Purse ever made, having a Silver Angle at every corner. 3 sizes—18/6, 19/6, 21/-



**CIGARETTE BOX.**  
In Silver, with Crystal Glass Lid, 30/-



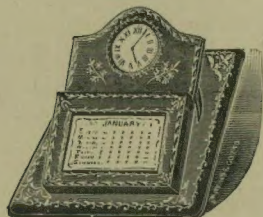
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Cut Glass, with Chased Silver Cap and Shoulder Mount, 19/6.



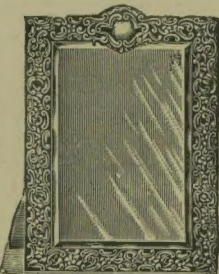
**SILVER CIGAR CASES.**  
For 1 Cigar, 20/-  
For 2 Cigars, 30/-  
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Post Free.



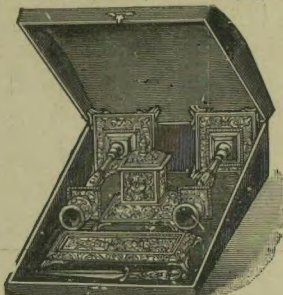
**PAPER WEIGHT.**  
Real Bronze, decorated in Natural Colours, 5/6. Post Free, 5/9.



**DATE, CLIP, & WATCH.**  
In Antique Leather, Gold Tooled, 30-hour Watch, good movement, 28/6.



**SILVER FRAMES.**  
Cabinet size, 14/6; Imperial, 28/6.



**WRITING SET.**  
In Polished Brass. Ink Candlesticks, Pen Tray, and Paper Knife, in Case complete, 19/6.

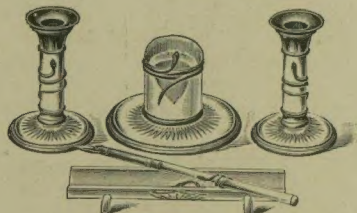
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NEW PRICE LIST,  
HUNDREDS OF ILLUSTRATIONS,  
POST FREE.



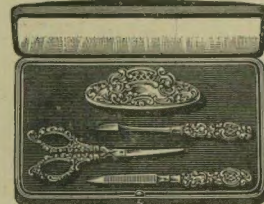
**POCKET KNIFE.**  
Gold Handle, prettily Chased, 18/-  
Registered Post, 18/3.



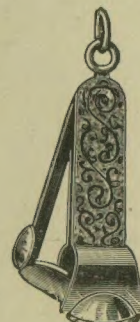
**STATIONERY RACK.**  
Antique Leather, with 30-hour Watch, bold dial, 10 in. long, 48/-; 8 in. long, 33/-



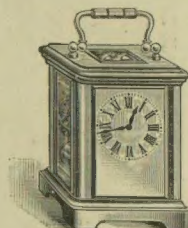
**WRITING SET.**  
Crystal Glass, ornamented with Gilt Metal, five pieces, 63/-



**MANICURE CASE.**  
Hall-marked Silver Handles to Instruments and Nail Burnisher, 23/6, post free.



**CIGAR CUTTER.**  
Silver, prettily Engraved, 8/-  
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**GILT CARRIAGE CLOCK.**  
8-Day Movement, in Travelling Case complete, 18/6.  
Postage and Box, 1s. extra.



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tremendous success. Certainly she deserved it, if only for her wonderful interpretation of "Caro mio ben." In this kind of song Miss Butt proves herself to be truly a great vocal artist. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley were among the singers of the evening, and so pleased was the audience that even a 'cello solo was encored.

On the same evening as that on which the Patti Concert took place, Mr. Newman's forces, under Mr. Henry Wood, gave another of their Wagner Concerts at the Queen's Hall. The ride of the Valkyries was played here for, we should think, the thousandth time on this occasion, and we cannot refrain from wishing that Mr. Wood will for a long time to come give this brilliant page a rest. His men begin to play it, as it were, automatically, and to become habitual in music is fatal to any orchestra. From such a fault, however, Mr. Newman's orchestra is as a rule singularly free. Mr. Wood's alertness, intelligence, and great activity of mind luckily make such an event as that a very remote probability indeed. It is curious,

therefore, that in this one respect he should suffer this fine orchestra to grow rusty and a little stale.

The coming of age of "The Sorcerer" at the Savoy Theatre was marked by a general presentation of a souvenir volume of photographs to the audience, and by Sir Arthur Sullivan himself conducting on that particular evening. What an amazing series of successes these operas have shown during those twenty-one years! It is calculated that in all the public has paid three millions sterling for the privilege of hearing this delightful music, and here is the first of them sounding as freshly and as brilliantly as it did all those years ago. What will have become twenty-one years hence of to-day's musical farces?

We learn that the long-looked-for prospectus of the American Thread Company, which is being supported by the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, will be issued to the public on Wednesday, Nov. 30. A preliminary

announcement appears on another page. The bonds and preferred shares only will be offered for subscription simultaneously in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. The whole of the common stock (or ordinary shares) will be held by the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, and those concerned in the management of the business. We understand that J. and P. Coats, Limited, are directly supporting the company, and have intimated their intention of taking up a large block of the preference shares. This combination completes the position, and Messrs. J. and P. Coats and the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, will now control the sewing-cotton trade of the world. The English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, issued last week to their own shareholders £125,000 Four per Cent. Debentures and £250,000 Five per Cent. Preferred Shares. We learn that on the first day the whole of this capital was subscribed, and before the closing of the lists the capital offered to the public was subscribed for twenty-two times over.

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